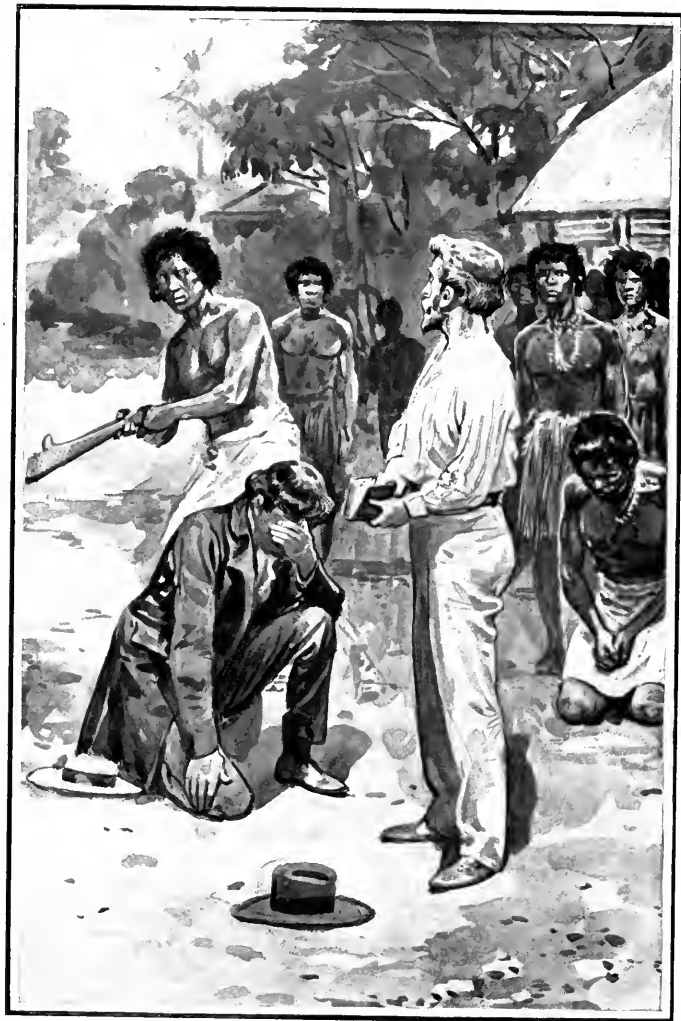


# MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE





### A CRITICAL MOMENT IN TANNA

In spite of being warned of the danger, the two missionaries went to the distant village. Whilst Turner addressed the inhabitants, one of them slipped unseen round behind him, club in hand. A little later Turner knelt in prayer, unconscious of any danger. Fortunately Nisbet noticed the native raise his club, and all the time Turner prayed his fellow-missionary steadily eyed the would-be murderer, who was so disconcerted that he remained motionless.

# MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY AND  
STIRRING ADVENTURES OF MISSIONARIES WITH  
UNCIVILISED MAN, WILD BEASTS, AND THE  
FORCES OF NATURE IN ALL PARTS OF  
THE WORLD

BY

CLAUD FIELD, M.A. CANTAB.

SOMETIME C.M.S. MISSIONARY IN THE PUNJAB

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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## PREFACE

IN the mysterious Greek legend of Prometheus, the hero who sacrificed his place among the Olympians, and incurred the anger of Zeus, that he might bring to the primæval cave-dwellers the gift of fire, from which all arts were to spring, we have a striking figure of the Christian missionary. He has ever in his ears the saying of his Master, "I am come to cast fire on the earth," and he carries a spark of it in his breast to the darkest regions of the world, where he has to guard it sedulously from all the powers of evil that are leagued for its extinction. Like Prometheus, he has often to be the victim of brute force, and, as Shelley says of the Fire-bringer,

"To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

For this he must be willing to sever the tenderest ties, to mortify ambition, to forego opportunities of culture, and to live misunderstood in deadly climates. What others undergo for gain or glory, he must brave for a wholly spiritual object, the kindling of new life in the grossest and earthliest types of humanity.

But, however much our missionaries may resemble the ideal Greek hero, the revolutions they have wrought are real. "These who have turned the world upside down," was the earliest and perhaps the best description of them.

Islam with the challenge, "The God that answered by fire, let Him be God," and the fire has often descended.

These spiritual revolutions are all the more striking when they come as the climax and crown to long years of monotonous and disheartening toil, as was the case in Greenland, Tahiti, and Burmah. "What! God so love the world, and the world not love Him!" With these words a Tahitian broke in upon the missionary Nott's preaching one day, and burst into tears. This was the sudden flash of recognition for which the train had been laid during fifteen years. And what takes place in the individual takes place in the nation. Blood-stained and foul idolaters are found sitting at worship, clothed and in their right mind. "Those who deblaterate against missions should come here," said R. L. Stevenson of what he had witnessed in the South Seas, and Darwin has recorded his surprise at the transformed Fuegians.

Some scenes and episodes from this great drama, on which the curtain never falls, are described in the following pages. The heroic figures, which are seen against a background of darkness and horror, belonged to various nations, and to different Churches, and their acts are found in records extending over nearly three hundred years. Some of the more recent are quoted by permission, and the author's best thanks are due to the Church Missionary Society for leave to use materials from their publications for the sketches of Bishop Crowther, Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Clark; and to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, for permission to borrow from the book entitled "Stranger than Fiction."

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# HEROES OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

## I IN REGIONS OF SNOW

### CHAPTER I

#### JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS

Difficulties of the language—Pow-wows—Longfellow's description—  
Founding of Noonatomen—Perils in the wilderness—A covetous  
chief—Founding of Natick—Governor Endicott's visit—The first  
Bible printed in America—War with Philip—Destruction of mission  
settlements—Unpopularity of Eliot—Death of Philip—Baxter's  
encomium.

**J**OHAN ELIOT enjoys the distinction of having been the first Protestant missionary to preach to the aborigines of North America. Driven from England, like so many other non-conforming ministers under the rule of Laud, he settled as a pastor at Roxbury in Massachusetts. Here his spirit was stirred by witnessing the ignorance and degradation of the Red Indians, who for the most part were regarded by the early Puritan colonists as the inhabitants of Canaan were by the Israelites.

With incredible industry Eliot applied himself to the task of learning the Indian language. What sort of a feat this was, we may gather from the fact that the word for "loves" is "Noowomantammooonkanunonnash,"

and 10  
eaongannunnonash."

The Indians of New England, like all savages, were averse to regular labour of any sort. Their time was spent alternately in war, hunting, and fishing, or in idleness and sleep. Their knowledge was limited within the narrow circle of animal wants, and their ignorance of the use of metals was shown by their habit of calling an Englishman "a knife man," the knife being an implement wholly new to them, and one which they greatly admired.

They were much under the influence of male and female wizards called "pow-wows," in whose connection with invisible powers they had great faith. These persons claimed to cure diseases by means of herbs, roots, exorcisms, and magical incantations. A "pow-wow," in short, was at once priest, physician, and juggler. Their power was a formidable obstacle to the spread of Christianity; "for," said the Indians, "if we once pray to God we must abandon our pow-wows, and then, when we are sick or wounded, who shall heal our maladies?"

Such were the people among whom John Eliot was preparing to labour. His zeal on their behalf was increased by the fact that he believed them to be descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Though arrived at middle life, he studied their language for two years before he began preaching among them. He paid his first visit to the Indians on 28th October 1646, at a place afterwards called Nonantum. At a short distance from the wigwams he and his friends were met by Waban, a leading man among the Indians at that place, who assembled the natives in his wigwam, where Eliot conducted a religious



"All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine men, the medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome.  
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother ,  
That you come so far to see us.'  
In a circle round the doorway  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message,  
Till the Black Robe chief the pale face  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar."

The service lasted three hours, and the Indians listened with the utmost attention, some of them being moved to tears. When Eliot had finished they asked many questions showing an intelligent appreciation of what he had said.

Encouraged by their behaviour on this and subsequent occasions, Eliot applied to the General Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land where the Indians might settle and learn the arts of civilised life. The land being granted, the site of a town named Noonatomen, or "Re-joicing," was marked out by the Indians. Eliot advised them to surround it with ditches and a stone wall, promising to furnish them with spades, shovels, mattocks, and iron crows. He also gave money to those who worked hardest. The wigwams they erected were in a considerably improved style; they were built not with mats as formerly, but with the bark of trees, and were divided into several apartments.

The women began to learn to spin, to make various

country to market for sale.

The Indians also consented to conform to a code of simple laws drawn upon the basis of the Ten Commandments. One of these aimed at the suppression of the drink traffic, which had already begun to ruin and degrade the character of the natives. After establishing this settlement Eliot took frequent journeys through the different parts of Massachusetts as far as Cape Cod, preaching to as many Indians as would hear him. During these tours he endured much personal hardship. In a letter to a friend, he says, "I have not been dry night or day from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings and on with them again, and so continue."

When travelling through the wilderness without a friend or companion, he was sometimes treated very harshly by the Indians, and in some instances they even threatened his life. Both the "sachems" (chiefs) and the pow-wows were greatly opposed to the introduction of Christianity; the chiefs were alarmed lest they should lose their authority, and the priests lest they should be deprived of their gains.

On one of these occasions, when one of the sachems, named Cutshamakin, was storming against him, and the friendly Indians were cowed by his words, Eliot with calm courage told him that as he was about God's work he feared neither him nor the other sachems, and that, let them do what they would, he would go on with his undertaking. The storm of words died down, and this victory over the violence of the chief contributed not a little to strengthen Eliot's influence with the other Indians.

and unburdened his heart by stating honestly the grounds of his opposition. He alleged that the "praying Indians" did not pay him tribute as they used to do. On inquiry, however, Eliot found that this accusation was false, and rebuked the chief severely for his covetousness.

The Indians were so extremely poor that Eliot had to take his own food and drink with him on his journeys, besides presents to distribute among them. Nor were they altogether wanting in gratitude. He relates with satisfaction on one occasion that as he was taking his horse to depart, "a poor creature" seized his hand and thrust something into it, which he found to be a penny-worth of wampum<sup>1</sup> on the end of a straw. He accepted the humble present with thanks, "seeing so much hearty affection in so small a thing."

In 1651 Eliot founded another settlement for "the praying Indians" at Natick on the Charles River. Though the stream was so shallow in the summer that the Indians could generally wade through it with ease, yet, as the water was deep in winter, it became necessary to throw a bridge over it. Eliot persuaded them to undertake this work, and they built a foot-bridge over the river 80 feet long and 9 feet high. The town was laid out in three streets, two on one side, and one on the other side of the river. Lots of land were measured and divided, apple trees were planted, and the business of the sowing season was begun. They built a circular fort, palisaded with trees, and a large house in the English style, containing a small room set apart for the missionary, while

<sup>1</sup> A kind of shell-fish used among the Indians for money.

Wolves and bears still roamed in the woods at no great distance, and at night their howling was distinctly heard.

The next year the settlement was visited by Governor Endicott, who expressed himself highly gratified with the progress made by the Indians, and requested Eliot to write down the substance of a sermon preached by one of the converts. Their religion was more than lip-deep, for when the smallpox raged fatally in the winter of 1650-51, many of them hazarded their lives in unwearied attention to the sick. There was an aged paralytic in a loathsome condition which rendered him extremely troublesome. His own children became tired of the burden and forsook him. Eliot offered six shillings a week to any one who would take care of him. None would undertake the office for hire; but some of the families of the Christian Indians offered their services gratuitously, and took care of him for a long time.

The report of Eliot's work had led in England to the foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. This society assisted him in the production of the Indian Bible, his *magnum opus*, which occupied him for many years. It is now only a literary curiosity, though eagerly sought after by collectors, as the Indians who spoke the Mohican language, in which it was made, are all extinct. It enjoys the distinction of being the first Bible ever printed on the continent of America, no English Bible being printed there till about the middle of the next century. Eliot's literary labours and care of his settlement did not, however, prevent his itinerating as opportunity offered. The chief of one village whom he had often visited, at last signified his change of mind in a quaint

and now you wish me to  
canoe and embark in a new one, for which I have been  
unwilling, but now I give up myself to your advice, enter  
into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

One haughty chief, however, named Philip, rejected Christianity with disdain, and would not allow it to be introduced into his tribe. When Eliot went to visit him he took hold of one of his buttons, and told him he cared no more for his message than he did for that button. Between this chief and the English colonists a war broke out that was to wreck Eliot's work, and cast a shadow over his declining years.

Philip had been summoned to appear before the Governor to answer for some offence committed by his tribe. The man who had given information of the offence was murdered by the savages, and the murderers were hanged by the English. The Indians retaliated by massacring eight or nine of the colonists at Swansey. Philip wept when he heard that the blood of a white man had been shed, but other atrocities soon followed. The colonists began to arm, and a universal panic prevailed. Signs in the heavens were reported to have been seen; a scalp appeared on the disc of the moon; an Indian bow was imprinted on the sky; troops of horses were heard rushing through the air. The various outrages perpetrated by the Indians roused the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to an exterminating war. Eliot's community of praying Indians did not escape the effects of the general resentment against the Indians. Some of them were accused of favouring the designs of the enemy. The

religion. On the other hand, the chief Philip was jealous of the praying Indians, and used every means of intimidation and persuasion to enlist them on his side. The upshot was that some enlisted with the English and did good service, and some deserted to Philip. The order and harmony of Eliot's mission-stations were now utterly destroyed; on the hills around Natick watch-fires were blazing, and war-whoops were heard in the night; at intervals musket-shots and cries rang out from the neighbouring woods. After several encounters Philip retired to the forests, swamps, and fastnesses of the interior, in the dominion of the great tribe of the Naraganset Indians, who for his sake had now broken treaty with the English. It was the depth of winter, yet the colonists resolved to follow him to his retreat, and an army of fifteen hundred men under the command of the Hon. J. Winslow marched to the fastness of the Indians. This was on an island of five or six acres, the only entrance to which was upon a long tree trunk laid over the water, so that but one man could pass at a time; the trees and thickets were white with snow, as was the surface of the earth, so that the smallest movement of the Indians could be seen. Within the isle were gathered the Pequot and Naraganset tribes, with their wives, families, and valuables; there were no leaves and thick foliage to make an ambush possible, and the savages had to fight in the open. It was the close of day when the colonists came up to the place. A fort, a blockhouse, and a wall that passed round the isle showed the skill as well as the resolution of the natives; but they were no match for the white men. The frozen shores and

lost. A thousand of them  
surviving forces to a distant retreat where it was impossible  
to follow him.

During these troubles Eliot was subjected to much contempt and reproach. His efforts to protect his people and watch over their interests were incessant, but so strong was the suspicion against them that the colonists inflicted on them many sufferings. The General Court passed an order that the Natick Indians should be removed to Deer Island, in Boston harbour, between four and five miles from the shore. They sadly but quietly submitted. Eliot met them on the shore and endeavoured to soothe and cheer them, and about midnight, when the tide served, they embarked in three vessels and were transported to their destined confinement on Deer Island. The state of feeling among the colonists against Eliot is vividly illustrated by an incident that occurred about that time. He happened to be in a boat which was run down and upset by a larger vessel. Eliot was in great danger of drowning, but was rescued by strenuous efforts. One at least of the colonists, hearing how narrowly he had escaped, said openly that he wished he had been drowned.

A party of Christian Indians who had fled from an unprovoked attack by the colonists, in which some of their women and children were wounded, had taken refuge in the woods. They sent a pathetic message: "We are not sorry," they said, "for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God." Attempts were made to induce them to

and children were shot down was still fresh, and they refused. At length winter and hunger drove them back to their wigwams. When their return was made known at Boston, a committee, consisting of Eliot and two others, was appointed to visit them with a message of encouragement and friendship, and to persuade the neighbouring colonists to better treatment of them.

Philip at last was tracked down and killed. Peace was restored, but the mission settlements had received a blow from which it was impossible entirely to recover. Eliot retired to Natick, the only settlement which had partly escaped destruction, and sought to gather his scattered people together and to restore their habits of industry. During the few succeeding years he had the satisfaction of seeing some of his churches restored, and the congregations partially gathered together.

But his life was now approaching its close. "I am drawing home," he wrote to the celebrated Robert Boyle, who had been a steadfast supporter of his mission; "the shadows are lengthening around me. I beseech you to suppress the title of 'Indian Evangelist'; give not any glory to me for what is done." Twenty years before this Baxter had written to him, "There is no man on earth whose work I think more honourable than yours. The industry of the Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan, China, shame us all, save you." "Since the death of the Apostle Paul," says the eloquent American orator Everett, "a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than John Eliot never lived."

He died in 1690, at the advanced age of eighty-six.



## CHAPTER II

### THE CAPTIVE OF THE IROQUOIS

Saute Saint Marie—Jesuit explorations—Life in the wigwams—Capture of Father Jogues—Horrible tortures—Cruelty of Indian children—Murder of Father Goupil—A blood-stained oratory—Instruction of Indians—Baptized at the stake—A timely warning—A hairbreadth escape—English wreckers—Home at last—Back to martyrdom.

**I**N the long gallery of missionary heroes few figures more strikingly rivet the attention than those of the Jesuit martyr-missionaries in Canada. The most uncompromising Protestant cannot contemplate them without feeling moved at the spectacle of their unparalleled sufferings.

Not long after the French had entered Canada in 1634, the Jesuits established a mission at Saute Sainte Marie, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. The difficulties of the journey thither from Quebec are thus graphically described by Bancroft, the historian of the United States: "The journey by way of the Ottawa and the rivers that interlock with it was one of more than nine hundred miles through a region horrible with forests. All day long the missionaries had to wade or handle the oar. At night there was no food for them but a scanty measure of Indian corn mixed with water; their couch was the earth or the rocks. At five-and-thirty waterfalls the canoe had to be carried on their shoulders for leagues through thick woods or over roughest regions: fifty times it was dragged by hand through shallows and rapids over sharp stones; and thus—swimming, wading,

made their way by rivers, lakes, and forests from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness."

Among the Hurons they made several converts, but the mission stations were kept in a constant state of alarm by the inroads of the Iroquois, or Confederacy of Five Nations, the hereditary foes of the Hurons. Excelling the Chinese in their love of horrible and strange tortures, these savages, obtaining fire-arms from the Dutch at Manhattan, used to lurk in the woods that lined the shores of the great lakes, waiting for the canoes that conveyed missionaries and supplies between Sainte Marie and Quebec.

The superior of Sainte Marie at that time was Jean de Brebeuf, a man of imperturbable courage. Nor were his companions lacking in the same quality. Days and nights they spent in the Indian wigwams, half stifled by the smoke of the fires, by the light of which they wrote the graphic letters which are still preserved. When disease broke out, as it often did, they went from hut to hut, baptizing the dying, though often cursed themselves for being, as was supposed, the cause of the sickness. Their worst enemies were the native sorcerers, who accused them of causing not only pestilence, but drought, blighted crops, or whatever other disaster happened.

In the letters above mentioned we have a graphic account of the terrible sufferings of Father Isaac Jogues, one of the missionaries at Sainte Marie. In 1642 he had been sent to Quebec to obtain supplies, and on his return with Ahasistari, a Christian Huron chief, and other Hurons, as the canoes ascended the St. Lawrence, they were fired on and captured by a party of Mohawks, an

occupants were killed, one Huron only being left on the hand. A French missionary, René Goupil, was taken prisoner, and, seeing this, Father Jogues, who might possibly have escaped by concealing himself in the reeds and tall grass on the bank, surrendered also to the enemy.

When the rest of the Mohawks came back from the pursuit of the fugitive Hurons, they carried the captives across the river, and there shared the plunder of the twelve canoes they had taken. This was very great, for independently of what each Frenchman had with him, there were twenty packages containing church-plate and other articles. While they were dividing the plunder, Father Jogues completed the instruction of those of his Huron fellow-prisoners who were unchristened, and baptized them. Among the rest was one octogenarian chief who, when ordered to enter the canoe to be borne off with the rest, exclaimed, "How shall I, a hoary old man, go to a strange and foreign land? Never! here will I die!" As he absolutely refused to go, they slew him on the very spot where he had just been baptized. Raising then a joyful shout, the Mohawks bore off the Frenchmen and the Christian Hurons, consisting of twenty-two captives, three having been killed. Their sufferings on the journey (which lasted thirteen days) were great from hunger and heat, and the hideous cruelty of the Indians. These savages, according to their practice with prisoners, tore out Father Jogues' finger-nails, except two, with their teeth. On the eighth day they fell in with a troop of two hundred Iroquois going out to fight. It was the custom of the Indian war parties to signalise their depar-

would be greater in proportion as they had been more cruel. First rendering thanks to the sun, as the god of war, they congratulated their countrymen by firing off a volley of musketry. Then arming themselves with clubs, as the prisoners landed from the canoes, they beat them with such fury that Father Jogues, who was the last, and therefore the most exposed to their blows, sank before he had traversed half the rocky path which led to the scaffold which had been erected for the prisoners. When they had carried him there half dead and drenched with blood, they burned one of his fingers and crunched another with their teeth. One savage came up, and, seizing his nose in one hand prepared to cut it off with a large knife which he held in the other, but some unaccountable impulse restrained his hand. Had he accomplished his purpose, Father Jogues would probably not have been allowed to live, as Iroquois do not generally spare captives thus mutilated.

On the tenth day about noon they left their canoes and performed on foot the rest of the journey, which lasted ten days. The prisoners had to carry the baggage, but owing to Father Jogues' enfeebled condition only a small package was given him to carry. They suffered much from hunger, and for three days in succession tasted nothing but berries. When they reached the first Iroquois village the captives had to run the gauntlet between two lines of youths armed with clubs, before they reached the stage erected for them. Here the same sickening scene of cruelty was re-enacted, Father Jogues having his left thumb cut off by a Christian woman, compelled to perpetrate this act by violent threats.

At night the prisoners were stretched on the ground,

insects, without being able to move a limb. The children of the village, by way of apprenticeship in the art of cruelty, would come and lay hot coals and embers on them, which it was very difficult to shake off.

So proceeded this terrible pilgrimage through various Indian villages, many of the inhabitants of which had never beheld a captive Frenchman before. In one of them they hung Father Jogues up between two poles in a hut, tied by the arms above the elbow with coarse rope woven of the bark of trees. Father Jogues thought he was to be burnt alive, as this was one of their usual preliminaries to that mode of execution. Owing to the intense pain caused, he begged his torturers to relax the ropes a little. But their only answer was to tighten them. At last when he had been hanging there for a quarter of an hour they unloosed him as he was on the point of fainting.

The captives had now for seven days been led from village to village and from scaffold to scaffold. On the eighth day they were told that they would be burned to death. Father Jogues, addressing the Christian Hurons for the last time as he supposed, exhorted them to be of good courage. But the chiefs on further consideration determined that no precipitate step should be taken as regards the French prisoners, and, when they had summoned them before the council, told them that their lives would be spared. Three, however, of the Christian Hurons were put to death with cruel torture.

Hunger, sleeplessness, and wounds had reduced Father Jogues and his companion, René Goupil, to a state of pitiable exhaustion. They had nothing to add to the

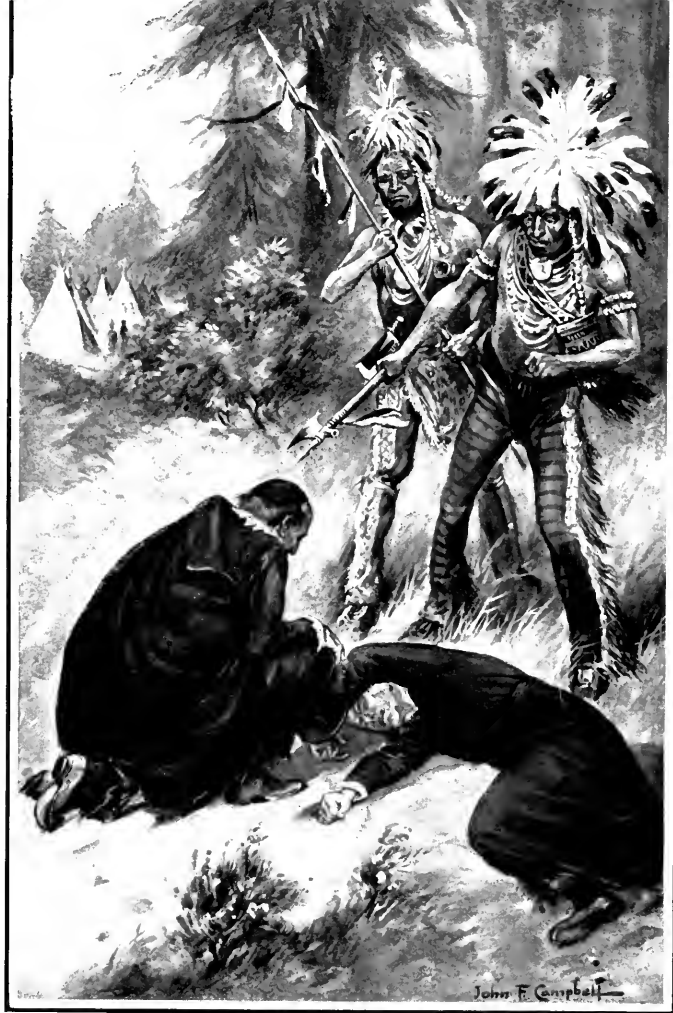
the savages gave them, but unripe squashes. The Indians, seeing their prisoners on the point of death from exhaustion, hunted up in the village some small fishes and bits of meat dried by the fire and sun and gave them to the sufferers.

About this time some of the Dutch settlers at Albany sent overtures to ransom the French prisoners, but the Mohawks refused. They were at that time specially incensed against them, as a band of Indians had just been repulsed in an attack on Fort Richelieu and three of them slain.

One day as Jogues and Goupil were walking in a wood, the savages allowing them this degree of liberty as they did not attempt to escape, they were accosted by two savages, who commanded them to return to the village. At the entrance to the village one of them dealt Goupil a blow on the head with his tomahawk which stretched him lifeless.

At the sight of the murderer's reeking hatchet, Father Jogues knelt down on the spot, and, uncovering his head, awaited a like blow. But when he had thus knelt a minute or two they bade him rise. Father Jogues learned afterwards that Goupil had been killed by the orders of an old Indian on whose grandchild he had made the sign of the cross, which they viewed with superstitious horror.

The next day Father Jogues went out to look for the body of his friend in order to bury it, but found that the Indians had contemptuously tied a rope round the neck, and, dragging it through the village, had flung it into a ravine at a considerable distance. Not being able to bury it that day he returned the next, but found that the body had again been carried off. Only after the lapse of some time did he succeed in recovering some of the bones and the skull, which he interred.



### A COWARDLY MURDER

As the two missionaries who were prisoners of the Mohawks were approaching the village one of the Indians killed the defenceless Goupil with one blow of his tomahawk.





them and to do other menial offices. At intervals he tried to preach to them, but they told him to desist, as they believed it spoilt their chances of catching game. Their ill-will against him was inflamed by the fact that he refused to partake of any of their captured game, as they were in the habit before eating of dedicating it to a demon called Aireskoi. Father Jogues' conscience, therefore, would not allow him to eat any of it, and he often remained hungry while watching them feast.

He had made himself an oratory in the woods, and here, clad in a scanty cloak, he would offer his devotions amid the snows which often were spotted with blood from his wounds. At night he often had to sleep on the ground on some rough bark, for though the Indians had plenty of deerskins they refused to let him have one.

Thus two more months passed, when he was sent back to the village bearing a heavy load of venison for the hunters. Seeing that his life was likely to be spared, he began to apply himself to the study of their dialect, for in their quieter moods the Indians would ask him many questions as to the sun, moon, and stars, &c. They were pleased with his answers, and said, "Indeed, we should have lost a great treasure had we put this man to death, as we have so often been on the point of doing."

Thus the time passed on till spring, but for Father Jogues the prospect of death was never remote. Whenever any of their "braves" fell in their numerous expeditions, he was liable to be demanded as a victim to be offered up in compensation.

the awful tortures inflicted on Indian prisoners from other tribes when they were brought into the village. Burning alive was one of the most merciful of these. On one occasion he baptized a woman at the stake while raising a drink of water to her parched lips. As she was burnt an old Indian exclaimed, "Demon Areskoi, we offer thee this victim whom we burn for thee, that thou mayest be filled with her flesh and render us ever anew victorious over our enemies."

In the summer he was sent with a party of Indians on a fishing expedition. Hearing, however, that some captive Hurons had been brought to the village during his absence, he begged for leave to return that he might have the opportunity of instructing them. This was granted, but on his way thither, stopping at Fort Orange, a Dutch settlement, he heard that the Indians in the village were extremely incensed against him, and had positively determined on his death. This was because, when starting on an expedition against Fort Richelieu, one of the Indians, hoping to get some advantage by it, had asked him for a letter to the French at the Fort. Father Jogues wrote the letter, and, at the risk of his life, made use of the opportunity to warn his countrymen of the treacherous designs of the Indians. When the commander of Fort Richelieu read the letter, he turned his guns against the Indians, who returned to their village breathing out terrible threats against their captive.

The commander of the Dutch troops at Fort Orange, when Jogues arrived there on his way back to the village, offered him the means of escape. "Here," he said, "lies a vessel at anchor ready to sail in a few days. Get privately on board. It is bound first to Virginia, whence it will carry you to Bordeaux or Rochelle." Thanking him with

perhaps do him some injury. "No! No!" he replied, "do not fear, get on board; it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escaping."

Greatly to the commander's surprise, the worthy Father asked for a night to consider the question. His conscience was in doubt whether he might not be of some use to the captive Hurons. Finally, considering the little chance he had of instructing them in the then excited state of the Iroquois, he resolved to accept the commander's offer; who thereupon sent for the officers of the ship, told them his intentions, and ordered them to receive Father Jogues and to carry him to Europe. "Cheer up, then!" he said to the missionary, "this evening or in the night, steal off quietly and make for the river; there you will find a little boat, which I will have ready to take you to the ship." Father Jogues accordingly retired with his Indian escort, consisting of ten or twelve Iroquois, to a barn where he was to spend the night.

In the evening, before lying down, he went out to see the way by which he could most easily escape. Unfortunately, one of the dogs which were let loose at night, snapped at his bare leg and bit it severely. He immediately re-entered the barn, and the Iroquois, whose suspicions had been aroused, closed the door securely, and, to guard him better, came and lay down beside him.

The whole night he spent without sleep. Towards dawn he heard the cocks crow, and soon after a servant of the Dutch farmer, to whom the barn belonged, entered by another door which had been left unguarded. Father Jogues went up to him softly, and, not understanding Dutch, made

out and Father Jogues followed him.

Having got out of the barn without making any noise or waking the guards, he climbed over a fence which enclosed the barn, and ran straight to the river where the ship was. It was as much as he could do with his wounded leg, for the distance was nearly a mile. He found the boat as he had been told, but since the tide had gone down it was high and dry. It was an anxious moment, as the sun was rising, and the Iroquois might at any instant discover his escape. He called to the ship for a boat to be sent to take him on board, but, receiving no answer, redoubled his exertions to push the stranded boat to the water. To his surprise he at last succeeded, and, jumping in, reached the vessel unperceived by the Iroquois.

He was immediately lodged in the bottom of the hold, and to hide him they put a large box on the hatch. Here he spent two days and two nights half regretting his escape from the Iroquois, as he was nearly suffocated by the stench.

Presently the Indians came out to the ship, and with loud threats demanded to have him given up. This the officers refused to do, but at night sent Father Jogues to the Fort, where he was housed in the dwelling of a miserly old man, who appropriated half the food that was sent him. The garret where Father Jogues lay in hiding was only divided by a thin partition from the room where the old man, who was a trader, trafficked with the Iroquois, who came to him. This partition had many crevices, and had any curious savage applied his eye to one of them, the escaped prisoner might have been detected. Accordingly whenever he heard them coming he crouched down in the remotest corner.

Jogues was sent to New Amsterdam, received and clothed by Director Kieft, who gave him a passage to Holland in a vessel which sailed shortly after. But his misfortunes were not yet ended. The vessel was driven in a storm on to the English coast near Falmouth, where it was seized by wreckers, who stripped Father Jogues and his companions of nearly all their clothes, and left them to pursue their journey as best they could. Falling in with the crew of a French ship then in the harbour, he obtained a passage to France, which he reached on Christmas Day 1643.

A merchant took him to Rennes, and he presented himself at the college of his order as one who brought news from Canada. The rector hurried to see the stranger as soon as he heard the word "Canada." Almost his first question was, "Do you know Father Jogues?" "I know him well," said the other. "We have heard of his capture by the Iroquois, and his horrible sufferings. What has become of him? Is he still alive?" "He is alive," said Father Jogues; "he is free, he is now speaking to you," and he cast himself at the feet of his astonished Superior to ask his blessing. Once recognised, honours met him on every side. The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, requested that he should come to Paris, that she might see so illustrious a sufferer. When she did so, she kissed his mutilated hands.

Father Jogues, however, felt uncomfortable in these novel surroundings. He felt irresistibly impelled to return to Canada, and, having obtained permission from his superiors, he arrived there in the spring of 1644. Soon

conclusion of a recently negotiated treaty. In writing to a friend just before he set out, he used the fateful words, "Ibo et non redibo," "I shall go and shall not return." He set out in company with some Indians for the scene of his former sufferings. Passing through Fort Orange he proceeded to Oneugioure, one of the Mohawk villages. Presents were here exchanged in ratification of the peace; the French received every assurance of future welcome, and passed on. Unfortunately, Father Jogues left with his Indian hosts a small box containing some necessities as a guarantee for his return. Sickness, however, broke out during his absence, and worms destroyed their harvest. They now became convinced that he had left the Evil One in that box, and on his reappearance among them they stripped him of his clothing and beat him with heavy clubs. As he was entering a wigwam he was treacherously felled with an axe, his head was cut off and stuck on the palisades, and his body flung into the river.

Such was the marvellous career of this martyr-missionary. The narrative is based on contemporary and well-authenticated documents, of which the American historian Parkman says: "All these narratives show the strongest internal evidence of truth, and are perfectly concurrent. They are also supported by statements of escaped Huron prisoners, and by several letters and memoirs of the Dutch at Rensselaerswyck."

## CHAPTER III

### DAVID BRAINERD AMONG THE REDSKINS

The Yale student—First settlement at Kanaumeeek—"Plain living and high thinking"—Dutch colonists—Perils of the frontier—Life in a wigwam—Forest solitudes—Building his own house—Indian sorcerers—Itineration hardships—Gratitude of the savages—Visit to Jonathan Edwards—Brainerd and Martyn.

**D**AVID BRAINERD, sprung from Puritan ancestry on both sides, was born at Haddam, Connecticut, in 1718. A tendency to morbid reverie marked him in boyhood. He went as a student to Yale in 1739, but his health broke down through overwork, and he had a severe attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. From this he recovered, and returned to Yale, only, however, to be expelled, under the strict régime of those days, for having used an unfortunate expression regarding one of the tutors. A council of ministers asked for his restoration but were refused, Brainerd being regarded as a fire-brand by the authorities. Thus this most zealous and devoted missionary was not permitted to take a degree.

The honour of having been the first to engage Brainerd's services for work among the Red Indians belongs to the "honourable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge," a committee from which, sitting in New York, examined him and gave him a license to preach. His first work among the Indians was at a place near Kent, on the borders of Connecticut, but not long after-

and woods, and there were no English inhabitants within twenty miles. There was, however, one family that had come from the Highlands of Scotland, and now lived at a distance of only two miles from Kanaumeeek. The presence of this family was a godsend to the missionary. People soon become intimate in the wilderness, and he went to lodge with them. The Highlanders had dwelt two years in this place, where the face of neighbour or friend was unknown. They had built their log dwelling, cut down the trees around, and cultivated the open land. The coming of a stranger must have been a welcome event in the monotony of their existence in the forest.

Brainerd's description of his life, in a letter to his brother, is very graphic:—"I live in the most lonely, melancholy desert about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a Highlander: his wife can talk scarce any English. My diet consists mostly of hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. My lodging [bed] is a little heap of straw laid upon some boards a little way from the ground, for it is a log-room without any floor that I lodge in. My work is exceedingly hard; I live so far from my Indians. The master of the house is the only one with whom I can readily converse in these parts."

After many months he got into his own house: this was a little hut, built with long and hard labour, chiefly with his own hands. He writes: "Just at night moved into my own house. In my weak state of health I had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat, and



as much time as possible the winter of Stockbridge, twenty miles off. He began to study the Indian language with him, riding to and fro in all weathers—the way was partly through unhabitated woods. He speaks of the wretched roads of Albany. At the time alluded to, no regular road existed for a good part of the way, which was flat and barren, and here and there covered with sand: "Lost my way in a dreary country, and obliged to lie all night on the ground. Went to Kinderhook on the Hudson, fifteen miles from my place." Albany and Kinderhook, whither he went several times, were old Dutch settlements surrounded by sandy plains and covered with yellow pine. The colonists had intermarried only among themselves, and had preserved all the primitiveness of their habits; their dwellings were formal and quaint, with their gable ends to the street, and with high-pointed roofs and little windows. In the porch by the street door were seats where the families used to sit a good part of the day; and as their neighbours generally joined them, the domestic circles of the whole town were gathered in the open air. Every one was expected to greet these parties as he passed, and to Brainerd riding slowly through the town this was embarrassing. On one occasion a Dutchman, moved by curiosity, came to his log house, and the recluse was greatly scandalised at his utter worldliness and insensibility.

His situation at Kanaumeeek was not wholly free from danger. The settlement was situated upon an exposed

once upon the border settlements, killing, burning, and destroying. Nothing could be more appalling than such inroads. They came like lightning; no one could tell where the bolt would fall; so that the least prospect of war caused deep and painful excitement. Those who lived upon the frontier had no choice but to remain in their place without protection, or to seek safety by abandoning their homes to plunder and ruin. One night, when Brainerd was engaged with his Indians at Kanaumeeek, an express arrived in haste informing him that the Governor had ordered Colonel Stoddart to give warning to all who were in exposed situations that there was every prospect of a sudden invasion, and that they must secure themselves as well as they were able without delay. The only notice Brainerd took of this startling message in his diary was to observe that it taught him not to attach himself too much to the comforts of life.

Brainerd had not been many months at Kanaumeeek before he saw that he might be more usefully employed at a more distant station. The Indians there were few in number, and greatly harassed by the avarice and extortions of their white neighbours. It occurred to Brainerd that if they could be prevailed on to remove to Stockbridge they would be under the care of an excellent pastor who knew their wants, their manners, and their language, while he himself would be released from his engagements and left at liberty to go, not to an easier station, but to some of the other tribes who were quite without instruction.

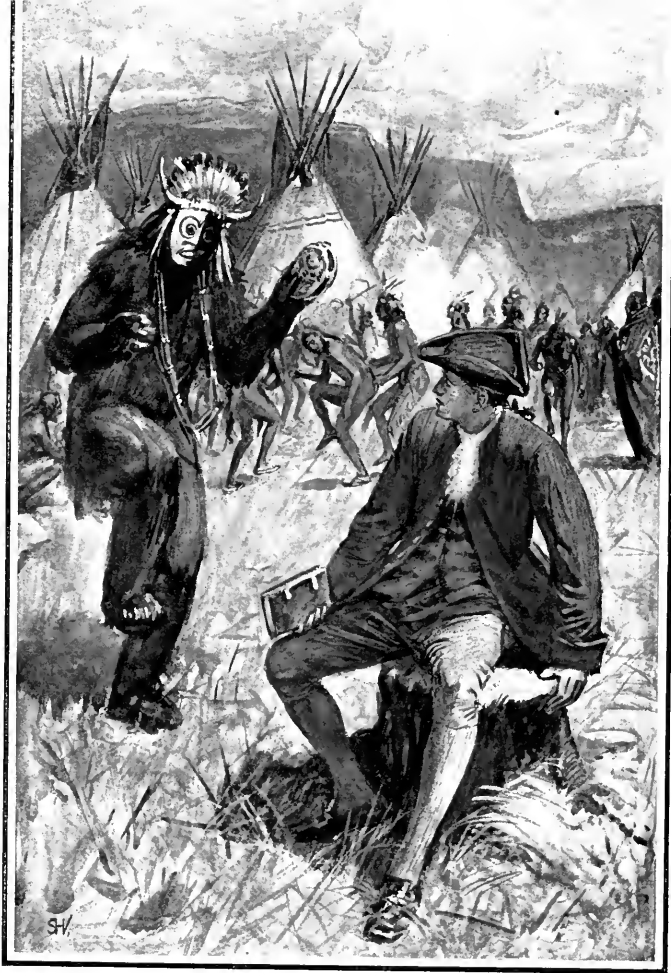
As soon as it became known that he was leaving

missionary though he would not learn, determined to spend the remainder of life, short as it was likely to be, among the Indians.

After leaving Kanaumeeek he took a journey of a hundred and fifty miles to a village of the Delaware Indians, and, seeking an interview with their chief, explained his object. This chief, however, only laughed at him and went his way. A journey of two days more brought him to the Delaware River and to another settlement, whose chief was more friendly, and after consulting with some of his old men consented to listen to his words: the audience was very small, but attentive. In this place Brainerd spent the greater part of the summer, lodging in one of the wigwams, compared with which his former log hut was a home of comfort. He preached usually in the dwelling of the chief, who had been pleased with his first discourse, and had consented to have his wigwam transformed into a chapel. Volumes of smoke often arose from the huge camp-fires, and wrapped the preacher and the audience in such dense clouds that they could not see him. He speaks in his journal of the sick headaches that were the consequence; and when the wind was high the ashes and dust from the fires were blown into his eyes and mouth till he was nearly choked. These Indians were a sequestered colony, supporting themselves by hunting and fishing, not powerful enough to engage in war, and too poor to tempt the inroads of enemies. Unshaken in his purpose, yet sick at heart, Brainerd lived here till the autumn; and his love of solitude grew more

vanced towards me with the instrument in his hand which he used for music in his idol-worship, which was a dry tortoise-shell with some corn in it. As he came forward he beat his tune and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; no man would have guessed by his appearance that he was a human creature. When he came near me I could but shrink away from him, although it was then noonday, his appearance and gestures were so frightful."

The hardships of Brainerd's journeys in the Indian wildernesses were enough to ruffle the most exemplary patience. On the mountains which he was obliged to cross, there were few abodes; the Indians preferring the flat country and the woods. Height after height arose where no white man's foot had trod before, and sudden precipices often barred the way, and then a long circuit had to be made. But the chief danger attendant on these passes was from the melting of the snows, which suddenly swelled the mountain streams and caused floods. Pouring down the precipices into the vales and ravines, the torrents bore all before them; the rocks and shrubs were soon covered, and then the trees disappeared gradually. A friendly roof in such a region was as delightful as unexpected: "Late at night we came suddenly to the house of a stranger, where we were kindly entertained; what a cause of thankfulness was this!" Their night's lodging was sometimes beneath the shelter of a rock; a dead pine-tree was kindled and threw its glare on the cliffs, and kept the wild beasts at a distance; then they lay down



### DAVID BRAINERD AND THE RED INDIAN SORCERER

He was dressed in bear-skins, and had on a wooden face, painted half black and half tawny, with a mouth cut much awry.



Although he did not join in the chase, he received a share of the spoils and made one of the circle who sat round the roasted deer on mats on the floor; he could have been no costly guest, and the hungry savages must have been astonished at the slenderness of his appetite.

Unlike Eliot and Zeisberger, he never found time to master the difficult Indian languages, but preached through an interpreter. "The great reason," he writes, "why the Delaware language is not familiar to me before this time is that I am obliged to ride four thousand miles a year, and have little time left for my necessary studies. Then I have to preach and catechise frequently, to converse privately with persons who need so much instruction as these Indians do; to take care of their secular affairs; to ride abroad to procure collections for their help and benefit; to hear and decide all their petty differences: time also is necessarily consumed upon my journals and other writings. Often I have not been able to gain more than two hours a week for reading."

In his journeys he was often accompanied by six Indian disciples, who walked rapidly by his horse's side. This was rendered necessary by his failing health, for in the midst of the day's ride he sometimes fainted in their arms, and they had to lay him insensible on the ground, and watch over him.

The Indians owed much to his care, as one instance will show. Through improvidence and a desire for articles of clothing and arms, as well as ardent spirits, some Indians

of the bargain. When Brainerd became aware of this, he caused the debt to be discharged and saved the lands.

Meantime his health was rapidly failing; sometimes he slept in cabins where the smoke affected his lungs so seriously that he was obliged to rise and go out into the open air; sometimes he slept outside with neither fire nor shelter, protected only by some branches which he had broken from the pines. He was repeatedly drenched in thunder-storms, and chilled with the damps and mists. Every night he was tormented with profuse, cold sweats, and by day he was perpetually throwing up blood from his lungs. His Indians showed their gratitude as they could, by making the interior of his hut as comfortable as possible; there was neither carpet nor glass windows nor soft couch, but the choicest skins were laid with the fur uppermost for him to recline on.

A few of his tried friends, hearing of his state, hastened to the wilderness to see him, but they could not remain with him, and he was left again to the unskilful hands of his poor Indians, who watched round his bed with wistful looks and whispered to the interpreter. The winter was drawing on, the snow had begun to fall on the mountains, the woods were stripped of their leaves, and the piercing east winds, the most hurtful to consumptives, were wild without. At last he resolved to depart, and, bidding a reluctant farewell to his Indians, he journeyed to Elizabeth Town, where he was confined for a week to his chamber, but was cheered by an Indian who brought him news of the welfare and good conduct of his congregation.



heard much of him before this," wrote the latter, "from many who were well acquainted with him. I found him remarkably sociable, pleasant, and entertaining in his conversation, far from any stiffness or demureness in speech or behaviour, but seeming to nauseate such things."

He continued to decline till the middle of September, when he felt as if he must make one more effort on behalf of his poor Indians. A visit from his brother, who had succeeded him in his post, constrained him to write to those gentlemen in Boston whom he had interested in behalf of the Indians, telling them of the growth of the school at Crossweeksung and of the need of another teacher. As soon as they received his letter, they met and cheerfully offered the sum of two hundred pounds for that purpose, besides contributing seventy-five pounds, according to Brainerd's suggestion, to aid the mission to the Six Nations. At the same time he selected two young men for that mission, according to the request of the commissioners. He was not able to finish these letters with his own hand, but, when they were completed, he felt that his work was done.

He died on October 9, 1747, at the age of twenty-nine. His life presents the same strange combination of profound melancholy and restless energy as that of Henry Martyn—almost his exact counterpart. Both shine remote and immortal, the Gemini of the missionary heaven.

## CHAPTER IV

### HANS EGEDE IN GREENLAND

Early colonists in Greenland—Egede's reception by the Esquimaux—Heroism of his wife—The annual store-ship—Greenland sorcerers—Exploring the east coast—Outbreak of pestilence—Settlement of "Good Hope"—An Esquimaux suicide—Arrival of new missionaries—Gluttony of Greenlanders—A conspiracy—Saved by stupidity—Death of Madame Egede.

**G**REENLAND was first discovered by an Iclander named Gunbiörn, who was driven there by a storm about the beginning of the tenth century, and carried back intelligence of its existence to Iceland. Towards the end of the same century an Icelandic chief named Eric the Red, having killed another powerful chief, and being obliged to quit the country, determined to follow up Gunbiörn's discovery. After having spent two or three years exploring the country, he returned to Iceland, giving an exaggerated account of its freshness and verdure, and naming it Greenland. Attracted by these reports, other colonists from Iceland and Norway followed him, and a regular trade between Norway and Greenland was established. The colonists, though compelled to lead a life of severe privation and hardship, continued to increase. Christianity was introduced, and churches and monasteries were built.

For some centuries the commercial intercourse between Greenland and Norway was kept up, but the "black death" of the year 1349 and the attacks of the native Esquimaux

through some change in the position of the Arctic ice.

About the year 1707 Hans Egede, a Norwegian pastor at Drontheim, conceived the project of a mission to Greenland from reading about these early colonists in a history of Norway. The thought of those unfortunate settlers cut off from the rest of mankind by a barrier of ice, and sinking into heathenism for want of Christian instruction, haunted him day and night. When he first mooted his project, his wife and relations scouted it as the sheerest madness. Not to be baffled, however, he wrote to the Bishop of Bergen proposing to conduct a mission to Greenland, and in reply received a strange letter from that prelate, in which he suggested that "Greenland was undoubtedly a part of America, and could not be very far from Cuba and Hispaniola, where there was found such abundance of gold." Egede resigned his pastorate and proceeded to Bergen, where he haunted the harbour and the quays, questioning the sailors and merchants about Greenland. His wife had by this time been won over to his plans, and in the end her ardour and resolution outstripped his own.

Egede laid his plan before Frederick IV., King of Denmark, who, in spite of the discouraging reports of the merchants, approved it, and at length in 1721, after waiting for thirteen years for the means of putting his project into execution, Egede and a little band of colonists sailed for Greenland. On the 3rd of July, after a dangerous voyage, they landed at Baals River, on the western coast, and were on the whole hospitably received by the natives.

colonists. They were clothed entirely in skins, with the fur turned inwards, and their garments consisted of a vest with long sleeves, left open in front; a pair of trousers, with the ends tucked into their wide boots, and an outer jacket with a hood, which they wore thrown back on their shoulders; their greasy black hair being mostly gathered into a knot on the top of their heads. The women seemed chiefly anxious for coloured beads, to hang in long rows round their necks, and to decorate their boots and vests, as well as for red cloth to trim their hoods, and for pins and twine and needles.

The climate and the soil were both harsher and ruder than the Norwegians had expected, and the only circumstance that was in their favour was the character of the inhabitants, which though at first excessively phlegmatic, so as to give the idea that their feelings had been frozen, was neither cruel, nor, as was found by further experience, unadapted to receive religious impressions. The natives, however, grew apprehensive when they found that their visitors built a house and intended to stay out the winter. They intimated by signs that the new comers would be all destroyed by the ice and snow, and had better go as soon as possible. Nothing daunted, however, they proceeded with the building of their house. Large blocks of stone, with every crevice filled with turf and moss, both within and without, formed the walls, and the roof was of the same construction, with heavy timber frames to support it. There were two apartments, each lined with dried moss, and lighted by small windows doubly glazed. In the largest was the fire-place for driftwood, and in the other a stove

obliged to make their garden in some spot among the hills known only to themselves.

For some years following, the mission had a hard fight for life. The settlers, unable to obtain sufficient food by fishing and the chase, were entirely dependent on the supply of provisions sent them once a year by store-ships from Denmark, and when this supply was delayed they were in danger of starvation. On one occasion even Egede's courage gave way, and he had made up his mind to abandon the mission and return to Europe unless the provisions arrived within fourteen days. His wife alone opposed the resolution, and refused to pack up, believing that the store-ship would arrive in time; and ere the days had elapsed, the ship, which had missed the coast, found its way to Kangek, where Egede and his companions had established themselves.

The following graphic account of its arrival is given by a member of the crew who afterwards became Egede's son-in-law: "The night of an Arctic summer came on as we passed into the river, and I saw for the first time the land we had come to seek. It was all unlike what I had imagined. A magnificent background of mountains stood out clear against the glowing crimson sky, but the strange light of midnight in that region bathed the rocks and headlands near us in one uniform tint of pearly grey. Not a sound of life was heard along the winding shores, nor a creature seen on the many islets, till a figure I recognised as Madame Egede suddenly appeared on the brow of a tall

dream.

"Scarcely was she gone when we rounded the promontory that protects the island bay of Kangek and came in full view of the poor little settlement, the inhabitants of which were already hurrying to the beach—fewer in number than they should have been—and so worn and haggard, and at the same time so wild with joy at our arrival, that it was a sight never to be forgotten."

This trial of waiting for the annual store-ship was a constantly recurring one, and more than once they had to undergo a bitter disappointment. In the year 1727, instead of the eagerly expected vessel, a vast field of ice was driven upon their coast holding within its grip a melancholy wreck. Egede had immediately to start to the north to buy food from the Dutch whale-fishers, but there was little to be bought, and when the provisions for the colony, now consisting of thirty souls, were put together for the winter, the whole stock was no more than three barrels of peas, three of oatmeal, eleven sacks of malt, and about a thousand biscuits. They also bought seals from the Greenlanders, and Madame Egede contrived to dress them with a very small quantity of oatmeal so as to afford tolerable meals. That year, contrary to their expectations, another vessel, after having been long delayed in the ice, entered the harbour of Kangek; but it brought the tidings they dreaded to hear, that the company formed to trade with Greenland had entirely given up the traffic, which afforded them no return for their expenditure, and that their friends earnestly entreated them to return to their native country in time to save their lives.

the trade he was still determined to establish there. Egede's first effort at learning the language of the Greenlanders consisted in constantly repeating the word "Kina," "What is this?" as he pointed to various articles, and then writing down the words so learnt. This rather alarmed the simple folk, who made their sorcerers practise all their arts to oblige him to leave the country. Having attempted this in vain, the sorcerers declared he must be a great 'Angekok,' or wizard, himself, as they could do nothing against him.

After learning something of the language by living part of the winter in the huts of the Greenlanders, Egede made an expedition to the East Coast. Here he found some remains of the ancient Norwegian colonies, and amongst others those of a church with several ruinous buildings round it, which he discovered in a valley winding up through the hills from the sea. This showed that the old legends which had brought him to Greenland were not untrue, though he found no living colonists. In the meantime Egede's reputation as an "Angekok" had so spread that during this expedition on one occasion the natives conducted him to a grave, and requested him to raise the dead.

Soon, however, fresh misfortunes broke over the settlement. When winter set in the new colonists sent by Christian IV. were appalled by its horrors; many died from the intense cold, and the survivors could not commit their bodies to the earth, which was fast bound with im-

again.  
But before it came pestilence had broken out; the artificers died fast, and want of proper food killed the horses. At last the soldiers mutinied against the Governor and threatened the life of Egede, whom they accused as the cause of all their sufferings; he had slept securely in the huts of the Greenlanders, but was obliged to have a guard round his house to defend him from his fellow-Christians.

The pestilence made such havoc that most of the mutineers died also, and it lasted till the spring of 1729, when the remainder of the sick were carried to the huts of the Greenlanders, who treated them well at first, but became so terrified by witnessing their sufferings that they broke up their encampment, and retreated far from the danger of contagion.

Preparations meanwhile were going on in Denmark and Norway for again occupying the valleys which the Norwegians had once inhabited. Presently building materials arrived, but before they could be employed the mission suffered a serious blow in the death of Christian IV. A royal mandate arrived recalling the Governor, and all the colonists. Egede had the option of remaining in the country or of returning with the rest; in case he determined to stay he was allowed to retain as many people as were willing to remain, and as much provision as would last for a year, but he was expressly told that he was to expect no further assistance.

He had now baptized a hundred and fifty children with the consent of their parents, and was instructing



and entertained, but he could only prevail on a few of the sailors to remain—all the rest departed; and his family and these rude but faithful friends alone stayed with him. He gave to the little settlement on the mainland his favourite name, "Good Hope," and set himself to make chemical experiments for improving the soil. He sowed patches of wheat in various sheltered nooks, but with all his care it rarely ripened before the frost obliged him to cut it.

Summer went by with its unchanging light spread over sea and land, and the long winter followed with its never-extinguished lamps, its dim twilight and its intense cold, but no fresh converts cheered the hearts of Egede and his wife. He would sometimes make long journeys with his son Carl, and bring home abundance of game. Often he would look towards the sea with its thickly-massed icebergs, wrestling with his own disappointment and the heart-sickness of hope deferred.

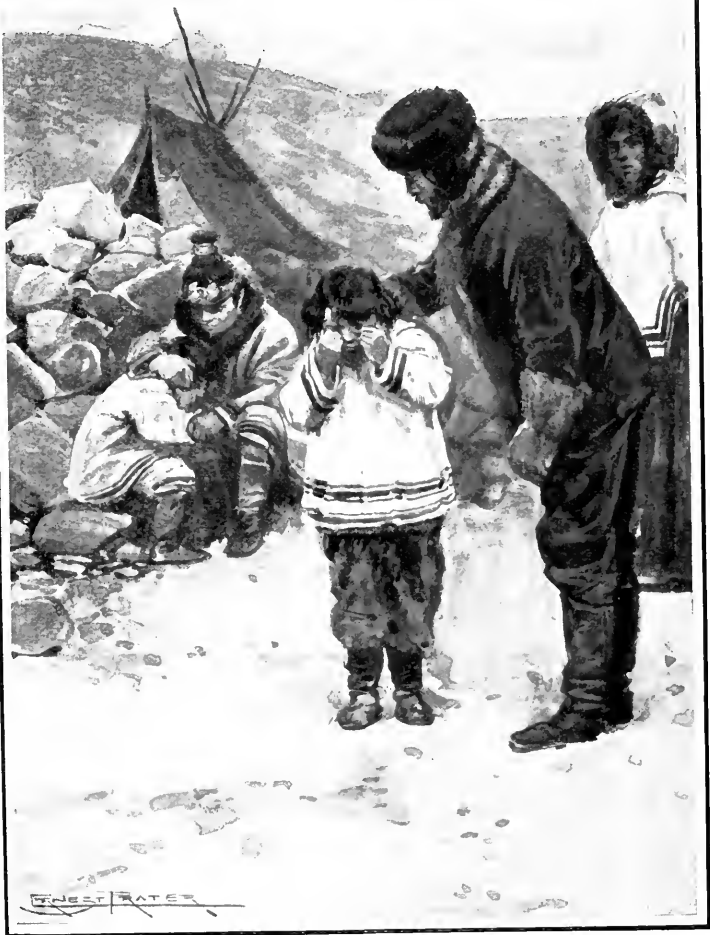
At last in May 1733 a ship was once more seen steering her way through the ice towards them; and they received news that trade with the natives was to be begun anew and the mission supported by a gift from the King of Denmark of £400 annually. Some Moravian missionaries also came from Herrnhut in Silesia to place themselves under Egede's direction for the work.

But a few months had hardly elapsed when, in the midst of winter, a new and unlooked-for calamity overtook the missionaries. The smallpox was brought from Denmark by an Eskimo boy who had been sent there for

stabbed themselves or plunged into the sea to put an end to their miseries; others fled from their unburied dead, and carried the disease with them to infect fresh districts. But this visitation, terrible as it was, gave Egede his opportunity of winning the thorough trust and affection of the natives. With indefatigable courage he went himself from place to place, sending the Moravians to one village and his son to another. All the sick who fled to the settlement of Good Hope were lodged and nursed by Madame Egede and her daughters.

Among these latter were four children whom Egede had found alone on one of the many small islands of Baal's River. Their father had buried many of his kindred, and had taken the disease as well as his youngest child; he raised a hollow cairn for himself with loose stones, and then laid himself and his sick baby in it, desiring the eldest girl to cover them when they were dead with skins and stones, that the foxes and ravens might not devour them. He folded his infant to his heart saying that he could not part with it, it must go with him to death; and looking round once more on the deserted homes of his race, he laid down his head and never uttered another moan. When he and the baby were both dead, the children covered the grave with stones, as he had desired. Here Egede found them lamenting bitterly, and carried them home in his boat.

Both Egede and the newly-arrived Moravian missionaries were assiduous in their attentions to the sick, and one of the Greenlanders on his death-bed said to Egede: "You have been more kind to us than we have been to one



#### EGEDE CARRIED THE ORPHANS HOME WITH HIM

Their father, himself ill, had lain down with his infant in his arms, from which he would not be parted, and had told his children to bury them when dead under a pile of stones.



life hereafter." During eight months the disease continued to rage. When traders afterwards arrived they found all the dwelling-houses empty for thirty leagues. The number of those carried off was estimated at between two and three thousand.

Meanwhile the Moravian missionaries were undergoing great hardships from the want of food. Egede and his family had barely sufficient for themselves, and so the Moravians had to go elsewhere to seek for supplies, in places where the Greenlanders had not become accustomed to the presence of missionaries. The Moravians tried to buy seals of them, as they could not hunt themselves. But when the Greenlanders saw their necessitous condition they raised their prices, and often would not sell at all.

Sometimes after rowing from one place to another for two or three days, the missionaries' utmost entreaties could scarcely procure half a seal, and when that was consumed they were forced to satisfy their hunger with shell-fish and sea-weed. This trial was the more severe as they were constantly witnessing the gluttony of the Greenlanders, who on one occasion consumed eleven seals and refused to give them a single morsel.

The urgency of their wants increased the perils of their toilsome life, as they were frequently constrained by the cravings of hunger to venture out upon the sea in an old weather-beaten hulk for many miles along the shore. Once when they had nearly reached the land on their return homewards they were driven back four or five miles by a sudden squall, and, after being completely drenched by the

Another time, being exhausted with toiling at the oar, they halted for the night at an uninhabited spot, where, for want of a hut, they lay down in a hole in the snow, and when the drifting snow threatened to close them in, had to rise and keep themselves warm by running to and fro.

Their lives were also occasionally in danger from the violence of the natives, who, seeing them unsupported by external authority, as Egede was, treated them with the utmost rudeness.

One night the missionaries heard a noise on the outside of their tent, and soon perceived that somebody was trying to pull aside the curtains which they had fastened with a couple of pins. They went out to see who it was, and beheld a number of Greenlanders gathered about the tent, some with knives in their hands, nor could they drive them away till they threatened them with their fire-arms. The missionaries supposed at the time that they had only come to cut their tent-skins to pieces, but some years after, when some of the Greenlanders in those parts had become Christians, they confessed that they had conspired against their lives, thinking that the other Europeans would not consider it worth while to avenge the death of such insignificant people. At a later date their stupidity stood the missionaries in good stead. They tried to effect an entrance into the house where the missionaries then were, and finding the doors bolted tried to cut the glass windows with their knives. Not succeeding in this, they went away, it having never occurred to them that the windows might be broken.

a land in which he had no longer strength to labour. He accordingly set out for Denmark in 1736, and there he died in the year 1758. His last years were cheered by news of the eventual success of the Moravians among the Greenlanders and of the growth of the mission which he had founded in the face of so many obstacles. At the present time in Greenland heathenism is practically extinct, and theft and murder, according to the testimony of recent travellers, are almost unknown.

## CHAPTER V

### SIXTY YEARS AMONG THE RED INDIANS

Early adventures—The attack on Gnadenhütten—Reprisals by the Colonists—Deportation of Christian Indians—Attempt on Zeisberger's life—The divided town—An Indian orgy—Troublesome guests—Zeisberger taken prisoner—The scalp-whoop—An anxious night—The massacre at Gnadenhütten.

OF all the devoted missionaries sent by the Moravian Brethren at Herrnhut to foreign lands, few better deserve the name of hero than David Zeisberger. Born in 1721, he emigrated at an early age to the Moravian settlement in Georgia, where he lived some time with his parents. Danger and adventure had a charm for him, and not unfrequently he roamed through the forests at night, seeking game or tracking the wild animals which then abounded in those parts, and more than once he very narrowly escaped with his life.

After determining to be a missionary he applied himself to the study of the Mohawk language, and in 1745 proceeded on his first missionary tour among the Iroquois with another Moravian missionary, Frederic Post. At that time there was much suspicion of the Moravians on the part of the English government, who supposed them to be in league with the French; and this suspicion was increased by the fact that, though the Moravians were in no way opposed to the English government, their religious principles would not allow them to take the oath of allegiance.

For these reasons Post and Zeisberger were unexpectedly



Pennsylvania, procured their release.

They then proceeded on their way, and on arriving among the Iroquois each of the missionaries had himself adopted as a member of one of their tribes, Zeisberger assuming the name of Ganousseracheri. They received a cordial welcome from a deputation of headmen, who said: "Brothers, we rejoiced when we saw you approaching; our houses are swept, our beds are prepared, we have hung the kettle over the fire, lodge with us." This was only one instance of the hospitality which they often experienced at the hands of friendly Indians. For some time Zeisberger laboured among the Delaware and Iroquois tribes, and was often sent by his Mission Board as a messenger to the various Moravian settlements.

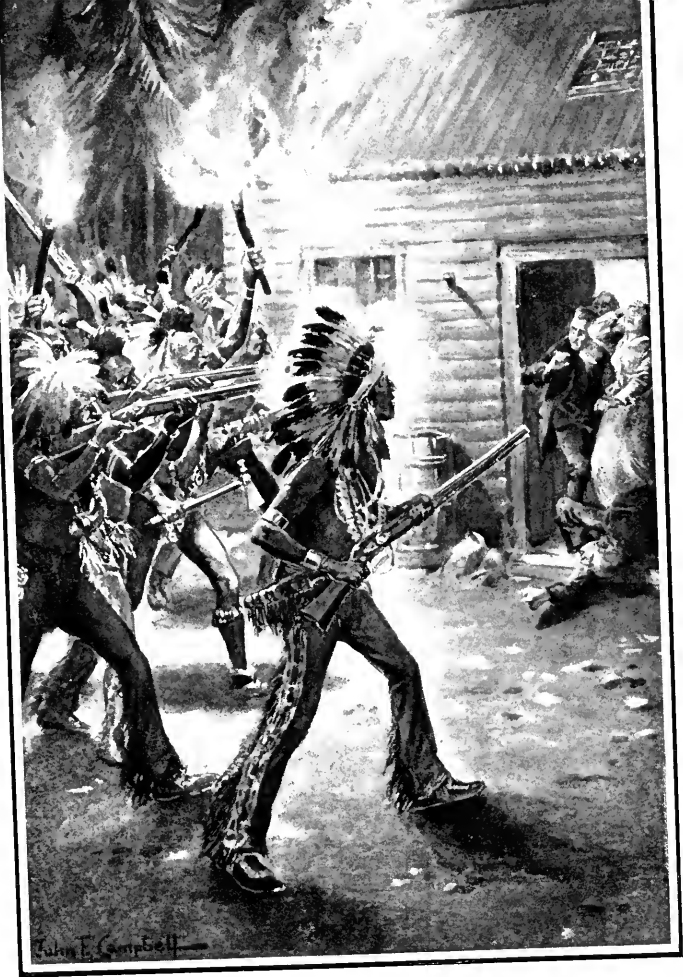
On the outbreak of war between France and England in 1754, these settlements were exposed to great danger, as many of the Indians had espoused the French cause. In November 1755 Zeisberger was proceeding by night to the Moravian settlement of Gnadenhütten when he was startled by a red glare against the sky. A party of French Indians had arrived and attacked the house of the missionaries on the river Mahony. As the family were sitting at supper they heard an unusual barking of dogs, upon which Gottlob Senseman, one of the Brethren, went out at the back door to see what was the matter. On hearing the report of a gun several others ran to open the house door. Here stood a number of Indians with their muskets levelled, and no sooner was it opened than they instantly fired and killed Martin Nitschman, another missionary, on the spot. His wife

with bedsteads. One of the Brethren named Partsch jumped out at a back window; another, who was lying ill in bed in an adjoining house, escaped in a similar manner, though the Indians had placed a guard at his door.

Meanwhile the savages followed those who had taken refuge in the garret, and endeavoured to burst open the door; being baffled in this attempt they set the house on fire. A boy named Joseph Sturges, having got on the flaming roof, leapt down and made his escape, though a ball grazed his cheek and one side of his head was severely burnt. Encouraged by this, the wife of the missionary Partsch followed his example, and, having come down unhurt, fled unobserved by the Indians and hid herself behind a tree upon a hill near the house. Christian Fabricius, another of the Brethren, was the next who made the attempt, but before he could escape he was perceived by the savages and struck by two musket balls. He was the only one whom they captured alive, and after mangling him with their hatchets they took his scalp, and left him dead on the ground. All the others who had taken refuge in the garret were burnt to death. Senseman, who had gone out at the back door, had the dreadful experience of seeing his wife perish in the flames.

The whole number who perished in this terrible catastrophe was eleven. Five only made their escape. Besides burning the house, the savages set fire to the barns and stables and thus destroyed all the corn, hay, and cattle. They then divided the spoil, soaked some bread in milk, and, after making a hearty meal, departed from the place.

Overwhelmed with horror at this tragic event, which he



### THE RED INDIAN ATTACK ON THE MISSIONARY STATION

Eleven of the missionaries perished, either shot by the Indians or burnt alive in the house; only five contrived to elude their murderers.



massacre they offered to go and attack the enemy, but being dissuaded by one of the Brethren they took refuge in the neighbouring woods. They thus escaped with their lives, but lost their property, for the savages set fire to the settlement, destroyed the mill, and laid waste all the plantations.

Terrible as this catastrophe was, it dissipated the suspicion which had hitherto hung over the Moravians of being covertly in league with the French. Such indeed was the revolution in the public sentiment, that Bethlehem and other settlements of the Brethren became a common asylum for white people fleeing from the murderous ravages of the Indians, who plundered and destroyed several villages so near to Bethlehem that the flames of the burning houses could be seen from that place. They even approached the town itself, lurking about with torches and endeavouring to shoot burning wadding upon the roofs in order to set the place on fire.

During this disturbed time missionary work was for the most part at a standstill. Zeisberger employed himself in compiling an Iroquois grammar and dictionary, and also went on various deputations from the English Governor to various Indian chiefs, making Bethlehem his headquarters, and from thence visiting Nain and other Moravian settlements.

The colonists had become so infuriated by the outrages of the Indians that they determined to destroy the civilised natives as well as the savage. For four weeks at Nain the Brethren stood on their defence, watching day and night

Philadelphia with orders that the Christian Indians should be conducted to that city, Zeisberger and other missionaries accompanying them. Amid the taunts and curses of the white men they set out on their three weeks' journey. The sick, aged, and children were conveyed in waggons, the rest went on foot. In passing through Germantown they were insulted by the populace, who shouted, "Hang them! Burn them!" During the journey and on their arrival at Philadelphia, when they found themselves surrounded by a threatening and bloodthirsty mob, Zeisberger kept up their courage by his intrepid bearing and words of encouragement.

In spite of the Governor's express order that the Indians should be lodged in the barracks, the soldiers refused to admit them, and they were conducted six miles farther to Province Island, on the river Delaware. At first they were left in want of firewood and provisions, but on Zeisberger's petitioning the Governor, these wants were supplied.

After peace had been concluded between the English and French, Zeisberger set off on a journey to the river Ohio accompanied by two Indian assistants, as he heard that some of the inhabitants of that part were desirous of instruction. The missionaries had to travel across extensive plains overgrown with such high grass that a man on horseback was completely covered by it. By day they often had to cut a path through the thickets, and at night to sleep in the open air exposed to the bitter cold.

On approaching the town of Goshgoshunk, Zeisberger was warned by a native chief that the inhabitants had not their equal in wickedness and thirst for blood. He replied, "If they are indeed so wicked a people, they stand more in

with their faces painted black and vermillion and their heads decorated with clusters of feathers and foxes' tails. At first they listened with great attention, but after a time many opposed the preaching violently.

Instigated by the chiefs, who were jealous of their own authority, old women went about complaining that the Indian corn was blasted or devoured by worms; that chestnuts and bilberries would no longer grow in the country because the white men brought strange things to their ears and the Indians had begun to change their manner of life. To appease the wrath of the offended spirits, the sorcerer appointed solemn sacrifices and offered up hogs by way of atonement. Some of the neighbouring chiefs also sent messages to the chiefs of Goshgoshunk expressing their displeasure that they should have allowed white men to settle among them, and urging them to banish or kill them without delay.

Attempts were made to kill Zeisberger, and one evening several Indians assailed the missionaries' dwelling at a late hour with intent to murder them, but their hearts failed them, so that they did not carry their design into execution. The missionaries no longer thought themselves safe when alone in their house, and always kept some Christian Indians with them as a guard; and even these did not dare to venture twenty or thirty yards from the house without being armed.

Notwithstanding these dangers, Zeisberger and Senseman resolved to stand firm at their post. With this view they built a small winter-house at a little distance from the

dreading the reproaches of their countrymen, came by night to escape observation.

The inhabitants of the town were now divided into two parties, one in favour of the missionaries and one against them. The opposition between these at length rose to such a height that the hostile party retired to a place about fifteen miles on the opposite side of the river Ohio, where they were joined by many more heathen Indians.

The outbreak of hostilities between the Senekas and Cherokees made the missionaries resolve to retire from that part of the country, and in April 1770 they and their adherents embarked on the river Ohio in sixteen canoes. As they passed Goshgoshunk, where they had experienced so much opposition, another canoe, containing an additional convert, shot out from the bank and joined them. They sailed by Pittsburg to the mouth of the Beaver Creek. Having entered the river, they proceeded up to the falls, where they had to unload and transport their goods and canoes by land. After a journey of upwards of a fortnight, they arrived in that part of the country where they designed to take up their abode, and immediately proceeded to build a new settlement, which they called Friedenstadt, or "the town of peace."

By this time Zeisberger, who was now well known among the various Indian tribes, was a marked object of their malice, and was frequently in danger of his life. One night some of these heathen Indians came to Friedenstadt, and attempted to compel the inhabitants to get drunk. Having failed in this attempt, they threatened first to murder the missionaries and afterwards the whole congregation, and



close to the town, and there they drank and danced and raved like so many maniacs. In this state of intoxication they frequently entered the settlement, rambled through the town, and broke every window that happened to be open, so that the inhabitants at last were under the necessity of fastening their shutters and burning candles by day. In several instances when they entered the town intent on mischief they quarrelled among themselves, and, instead of injuring the missionaries or the Christian Indians, attacked and mangled each other with their knives in the most brutal manner.

For these and other reasons Zeisberger and his colleagues removed the settlement successively to Schönbrunn and Lichtenau. Here, after enjoying an interval of peace, they were again disturbed by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War between Britain and the American Colonies. The English Government stirred up the Indians to attack the colonists, and the Christian Indians, who remained neutral, were looked on with great suspicion both by those Indians who espoused the cause of England and those who were on the side of the colonists. The missionaries were in the greatest danger, for the refusal of the Christians to take up arms was ascribed to their authority and influence. The savages therefore frequently repeated their threats that the missionaries should be killed or made prisoners, as they flattered themselves that if these were removed the Christians would soon be forced to join them. One day Zeisberger met eight Mingoes

moments walked swiftly away. In August, 1777, the Brethren received information that two hundred Huron warriors, under a chief called Half-King, were on their march to the settlement of Lichtenau. This intelligence at first caused them much alarm, but after deliberation they resolved to attempt to win over the savages by hospitality and kindness. They accordingly set about killing oxen and pigs, and making other preparations for them. They also sent a Christian Indian, Glikkikan, at the head of a deputation to the Half-King, who received them favourably. The same day he and his warriors came to Lichtenau, and behaved in a very friendly manner. But though he kept his followers in restraint as far as possible, yet the maintenance of such a number of people, many of whom came dancing before the houses, and asking for bread and tobacco, proved extremely troublesome.

The dangers to which the missionaries were now exposed proved so great that most of them left the Indian country and retired to Bethlehem. Two only remained behind, Zeisberger at Lichtenau, and Edwards at Gnadenhütten, twenty miles apart.

The Hurons, who were on the British side, continued to carry on hostilities against the Americans, and the missionaries were often shocked to behold the savages on their return from the expeditions leading captive men, women, and children, or, what was more distressing, carrying their dead bodies and scalps through the town. The Christian Indians showed great compassion to the unfortunate prisoners, supplied them with food, and would

soon began to be in great danger. The English Governor of Fort Detroit was led to believe that the Christian Indians were on the side of the Americans, and that the missionaries were spies who carried on a secret correspondence with them. He therefore resolved to rid himself of such troublesome neighbours. The Half-King of the Hurons, though personally friendly to the missionaries, suffered himself to be employed by the English as an instrument for carrying off both the missionaries and the Christian Indians.

At first he tried persuading them to leave the settlement on the plea that they were in danger, but finding them reluctant to move from a place where the ground had become fertile under careful cultivation into an unknown wilderness, he resolved to use force.

One day as Zeisberger, Senseman, and Heckewelder were walking in their garden they were seized by a small party of Huron warriors and marched off towards the camp, about a hundred yards distant. On the way thither an ugly-looking Huron aimed a blow at Senseman's head with his tomahawk; but the missionary fortunately eluded the stroke.

On reaching the line which divided the Huron and Delaware camps, their captors raised what is called the scalp-whoop, each of them raising a yell for his man, this being the way in which the Indians indicate the number of prisoners who have fallen into their hands. Several other of the Hurons now came up and stripped them of their

and ends being open. About half-an-hour after they heard the word given for a troop to start, and immediately about thirty armed Hurons set out for Salem and Schönbrunn, where the missionaries' wives and families were.

It may be imagined with what suspense the missionaries passed the night, lying on the bare sod with their eyes directed towards the east that they might catch the first glimpse of the morning light. At length the sound of the scalp-whoop was heard in the direction of Schönbrunn, which showed that some captures had been effected there. The nearer the party drew the greater was the commotion among the warriors in the camp, the scalp-yell being sounded and resounded on both sides. At length the Hurons arrived by water with the wives of Zeisberger and Senseman and other missionaries. After keeping the missionaries prisoners for several days the heathen leaders perceived that the Christian Indians would never be persuaded to forsake their settlements unless the missionaries led them. Accordingly they liberated them on the understanding that they would lead their congregations to Sandusky, an uncultivated tract in the wilderness. To this the missionaries and Christians reluctantly consented. They were obliged to leave three beautiful settlements and the greater part of their property, black cattle, and great quantities of Indian corn in their stores, upwards of three hundred acres of land where the crop was just ripening, together with potatoes, cabbages, and other garden stuffs in the ground. Their losses, according to a moderate calculation, amounted to 12,000 dollars, a striking proof of

One morning when the Christian Indians could not set off so expeditiously as their conductors thought proper, the savages attacked the missionaries and forced them away alone, whipping their horses forward till the animals became quite unmanageable. The road, too, was extremely bad, being through one continual swamp. Zeisberger's wife fell twice from her horse, and on one of these occasions was dragged for some time, hanging in the stirrup.

Having arrived at Sandusky Creek after a journey of upwards of four weeks, the Hurons left them and marched away into their own country, leaving them to shift for themselves as best they could. After having pitched on the most convenient spot they could find in this dreary region, they erected small huts of logs and bark to shelter themselves from the rain and cold. They were now, however, so poor that they had neither beds nor blankets, for on the journey the savages had stolen nearly everything from them.

Scarcely had the congregation begun to settle in this place than the missionaries were summoned to appear before the Governor of Fort Detroit. Zeisberger and the others proceeded thither, and after due examination were acquitted of being spies, and, having been released by the Governor, returned to Sandusky.

Soon after their arrival there they were horrified by the news of a massacre of ninety-six Christian Indians at Gnadenhütten by white men on the American side. Their patience and resignation astonished even their murderers,

berger was almost heartbroken, and wrote in his journal: "Where shall we find a retreat, nay, but a little spot of earth where we may flee with our Indians? From the whites who call themselves Christians we can hope for no protection, among the heathen we no longer have any friends. We are outlawed."

By the kindness of the Governor of Detroit, however, he was allowed to found a Christian settlement at New Gnadenhütten, on the Huron River. The numbers were naturally very small at first, and by the end of the year only fifty-three persons were living there. But after peace was made between England and America the settlement began to flourish.

As the infirmities of age began to creep on Zeisberger he occupied himself with the translation of the Scriptures into the Delaware language. At last he became totally blind, and died in 1808 at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. It would be difficult to find another missionary career sustained at such a lofty pitch of enthusiasm for such a length of time—twelve years over half a century. His work was one of those "apparent failures" which are nobler than many superficial successes.

## CHAPTER VI

### WILLIAM DUNCAN AT METLAHKATLAH

Captain Prevost's appeal—Cannibalism at Fort Simpson—Duncan's encouraging reception—Opposition of medicine-men—Threats of Legaie—First baptisms—Migration to Metlahkatlah—Conversion of Legaie—His temporary relapse—Self-surrender of a murderer—Duncan's visit to England—Learning trades—Admiral Cochrane's surprise—Lord Dufferin's testimony—Ex-cannibal as churchwarden.

IN 1856 the attention of the Church Missionary Society was drawn to the Tsimshean Indians on the coast of British Columbia by Captain Prevost, who had been stationed there, and had been struck by their intelligence and other good qualities. During the same year a statement drawn up by him and inserted in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* was the means of eliciting a contribution from "Two Friends, for Vancouver's Island, £500." At the end of the same year Mr. Duncan, a student at the Society's college at Islington, was appointed to the new mission. When he arrived at Victoria in Vancouver's Island, the Hudson Bay officials wished him to commence his missionary labours there, where the Indians had already come into contact with white men. But the committee's instructions were to begin work among the entirely uncivilised Indians at Fort Simpson. Accordingly he proceeded there, and found them to be a ferocious tribe, strongly addicted to murder and cannibalism, and under the superstitious sway of medicine-men.

The degraded condition of these Indians was shown in a

of their houses near where the corpse was thrown, and formed themselves into groups. Presently two bands of excited savages appeared, each headed by a man in a state of complete nudity. These two came on with grotesque motions, stepping and shooting out each arm alternately. For some time they pretended to be seeking the body, and the instant they came where it lay they began yelling and rushing round it in the manner of angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the beach, where they tore it in pieces with their teeth.

Mr. Duncan confessed that he felt at first rather alarmed at the thought of visiting group after group of these half-naked, painted savages. But to his agreeable surprise he met with an encouraging reception. On entering a house he was saluted by two or three of the principal persons with the exclamation "Clah-how-yah!" ("Welcome!") Then a general movement ensued while they all squatted down, fixing their eyes upon him. He found it difficult to make himself heard, as they all persisted in shouting at once, but they showed an evident desire for instruction, and after Mr. Duncan had sufficiently mastered the language to address them he found them attentive listeners. The more friendly of them helped him to build a school, and sent their children to attend it, but the work was much disturbed by the noise of medicine-men and their pupils hard by. These men resolved that the school should be closed while their rites were being performed, and tried to intimidate Duncan. On one occasion the head chief Legaic, who was leader of the



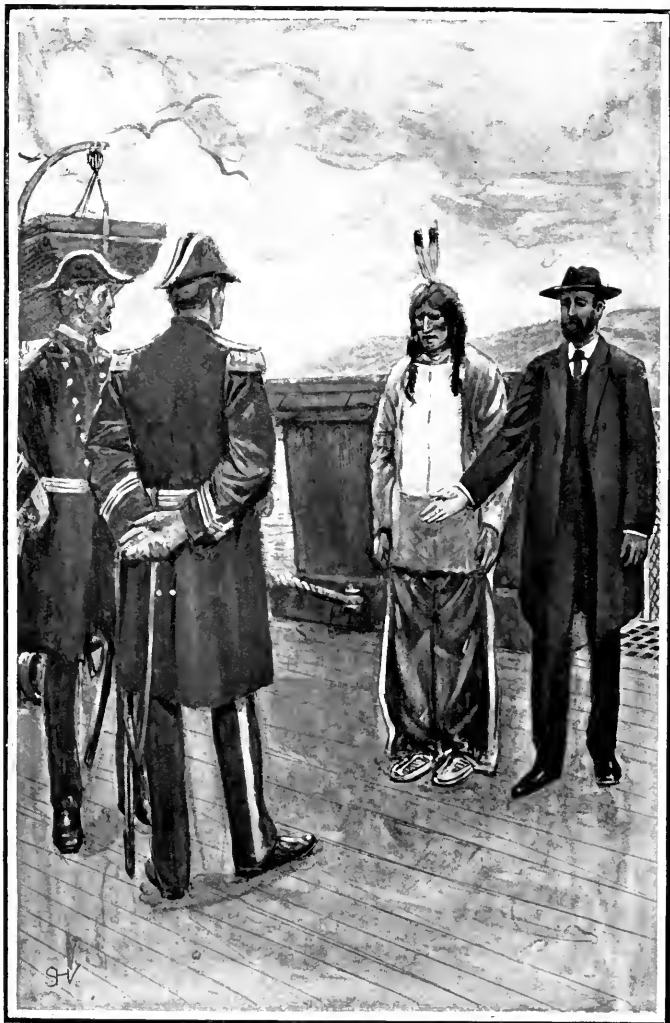
he was prepared to defend the missionary's life, if it were really endangered. Legaic was aware of this, and did not proceed to extremes. The first baptisms took place on 26th July, 1861, when fourteen men and five women were admitted to the rite. It was now decided to form a Christian village at a place called Metlahkatlah, about seventeen miles from Fort Simpson. Such a step was rendered necessary, not only by the anxiety of the Christians to escape from the sights of heathenism and its thralldom, but by the rush of miners in search of gold, many of whom made Fort Simpson their winter quarters, bringing with them the grossest evils. On the 27th May, 1862, Mr. Duncan started for his new home, accompanied by about forty Indians, men, women, and children, in six canoes. In about ten days they were followed by a fleet of some thirty more, and nearly the whole of one small tribe named Keetlahn was gathered together at Metlahkatlah to the number of 300 or 400 souls.

Here they were visited by the Bishop of Columbia in 1863, who admitted several catechumens to baptism. Among these was Legaic, the chief who had threatened Mr. Duncan's life, but who now had become a genuine convert. His tribe had been decimated by smallpox, and he had been much humbled by that and other calamities. Retiring from his chieftainship, he settled down with his wife and daughter at Metlahkatlah, and became one of Mr. Duncan's most zealous supporters. On one notable occasion after his conversion he suffered a relapse, but a very brief one. Gathering the Indians together on the Metlahkatlah beach, he told them

he could hold out no longer and was going back to his old life—that he could not help it, for he was being “pulled away,” that he knew it was wrong, but still he must go. With tears he shook the hands of each in turn, and then, stepping alone into his canoe, paddled rapidly away from his weeping friends. He went a few miles along the coast, and then, as darkness came on, put the canoe ashore. The night was one of such misery, he afterwards said, as no words could describe, and next day he reappeared at Metlahkatlah, to the joy of all. For seven years after he led a consistent life, working as a carpenter, and dying in 1869.

Metlahkatlah rapidly acquired a recognised position of importance and influence as the centre of all good work of every kind among the coast Indians. Mr. Duncan was lay pastor and missionary, treasurer, chief trader, clerk of the works, head schoolmaster, and the father and friend of the people. In addition to this the Colonial Government appointed him a magistrate in order that he might dispense justice, not only at the Christian settlement, but along the whole coast wherever his influence extended.

The moral effect of the mission is most strikingly illustrated by an incident narrated by Dr. Hills, Bishop of Columbia. In 1862 H.M.S. *Devastation* sailed up the coast seeking the three Indian murderers of two white men. The Indians gave up two, but would not surrender the third. Two lives for two lives was their rule of equal justice. But as soon as the ship was out of sight the third murderer left his tribe, went to Metlahkatlah, and gave himself up to Mr. Duncan. “Whatever you tell me to do,” he said, “I will do; if you say I am to go on board the gunship when she comes again, I will go.” Six months afterwards the *Devastation* again came up to Metlahkatlah and



**A REDSKIN MURDERER GIVES HIMSELF UP TO THE CAPTAIN OF  
H.M.S. DEVASTATION**

Some Indians had killed two whites. One of the Redskins came to the missionary, Mr. Duncan, and confessed his crime, adding, "Whatever you tell me to do, I will do." Mr. Duncan went on board the man-of-war with him. He was tried for the crime, pardoned, and was eventually baptized.



fired a gun to announce her arrival. The murderer heard it, went straight to Mr. Duncan and asked, "What am I to do?" "You must come with me a prisoner," he said, and the man went on board with the missionary and delivered himself to the captain. "Thus," justly observed Bishop Hills, "what the ship of war with its guns and threats could not do for civilisation, for protection of life, for justice, the simple character and influence of one missionary availed to accomplish." In due course this man was brought to trial, when it came out that he had been an unwilling participator in the crime, and he was pardoned. On his release he went back to Metlahkatlah and was baptized by the Bishop in 1866.

The social and commercial progress at Metlahkatlah was not less remarkable. By the year 1867 the profits accruing to the mission from trade had sufficed to build a large market-house, a soap factory, a blacksmith's shop, and a saw-mill. The market-house was about 90 by 30 feet, and divided into two portions, the smaller designed for a court-house, the larger for village assemblies, and for the accommodation of strangers. By this means strange Indians, who often came in large numbers to trade, instead of being scattered over the village, to the great discomfort and detriment of their more civilised brethren, were comfortably housed and properly cared for, whilst frequent opportunities were thus given of addressing large bodies of the heathen from the surrounding country.

Duncan now took an important step. It was most desirable that the industries in the settlement should be developed and multiplied in order to provide sufficient outlet for the energies of young Indians, and to save them from being drawn within the range of the demoralising influences

at Victoria. As he was not capable of doing it, he resolved to make himself capable. He determined to go himself to England and to acquire a knowledge of several simple trades, to purchase such machinery as he required, and to return to his people prepared to erect and equip workshops and factories. With this view he sailed for England at the end of January, 1870. The scene of his departure showed how great a hold upon the people his thirteen years' labour amongst them had gained for him. Though he had previously gone round to every house to take leave of them, they collected in crowds as the time for his leaving drew near, and even after he had said his last farewell upon the beach they still followed him in their canoes to the ship.

Arriving in London on 13th March, 1870, Duncan at once set to work on his self-imposed task, going about to different parts of the country, and, as far as it was possible in a limited time, making himself acquainted with the local industries. Thus, when visiting Yarmouth, he learned rope-making, at another place weaving, at another brush-making, and so on.

On his return to Metlahkatlah in 1872, Duncan received an enthusiastic welcome, and at once commenced teaching the Indians new industries. How readily they took to mechanical work was shown when Admiral Cochrane, in H.M.S. *Boxer*, paid a visit to Metlahkatlah in 1873. In looking into the worksheds, and seeing a number of Indians at their work benches, he exclaimed, "I say, these men are not Indians, they are white men! I say, my good man," addressing the Indian next him, "what is your name?" Of course, the astonished Admiral got no response, but only wondering looks. But when Mr. Duncan interpreted the Admiral's words, there were

roars of laughter at his expense. Admiral Cochrane sent a note to his ship, inviting his officers to come on shore, and assuring them that they would be greatly interested.

In 1876 the settlement was visited by Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, who was presented with an address by the natives. In his reply, he said: "Before I conclude, I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan, and those who are associated with him in this good work, not only in my own name, not only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, our deep gratitude to him for having thus devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, of which we who only see the result of his labours can form a very inadequate idea, to a work which has resulted in the beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning." Before he left British Columbia, Lord Dufferin delivered an address at Government House, Victoria, in which, referring to this visit, he said: "I have seen the Indians in all phases of their existence, from the half-naked savage perched like a bird of prey upon a rock, trying to catch his miserable dinner of fish, to the neat Indian maidens in Mr. Duncan's school at Metlahkatlah, as modest and as well-dressed as any clergyman's daughter in an English parish. . . . What you want are not resources, but human beings to develop them and to consume them. Raise your 30,000 Indians to the level Mr. Duncan has taught us they can be brought, and consider what an enormous amount of vital power you will have added to your present strength."

As time went on, outlying missions were established at Kincolith, on the mainland, and in the Queen Charlotte Islands, inhabited by the Hydahs, a savage race for a long

time the terror of the Pacific coast. From Vancouver's Island an Indian travelled 300 miles, in October 1875, to see Mr. Duncan. He said, "A rope had been thrown out from Metlahkatlah, which was encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

In 1878 Admiral Prevost, whose article in the *Intelligencer* in 1856 had been the means of starting the Metlahkatlah mission, visited the settlement, and was delighted to see the progress which twenty years' of steady missionary work had brought about. He says of those Indians who met him on landing, "Nine of the sixteen before me were, to my knowledge, formerly medicine-men or cannibals. The very church-warden, who opened the church door for me, was the chief of one of the cannibal tribes."

Mr. Duncan had thus, in his work among the Indians, solved a problem which had often puzzled Governments—namely, how to give the aborigines the benefit of civilisation without its vices, and how to save them from slowly becoming extinct in the presence of the white man.



## CHAPTER VII

### IN THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET

Arrival at Lhasa—Suspected as spies—Interview with Chinese ambassador—Inquisitive Tibetans—Hopeful inquirers—Expulsion from Lhasa—A dangerous march—Martyrs to discipline—Oxen as road-makers—Illness of M. Gabet—Startling a town—Death of Ly-Kouo-Ngan—Before the Chinese tribunal—Chinese justice!—Safe at Canton.

**I**N 1845, after a wearisome and perilous journey across the Mongolian desert, the two French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, arrived at Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. The inhabitants stared at them with intense curiosity, but no obstacle was opposed to their entrance. They hired two rooms at the top of a house which contained fifty lodgers, and to reach these rooms they had to ascend a flight of wooden stairs without a railing. All the furniture they had was a fire-dish placed in the middle of the floor, two goat-skins spread right and left of the fire-dish, their travelling tent, two dilapidated trunks, and a supply of fuel.

In order to avoid suspicion, they conformed to the regulations in force at Lhasa, and reported themselves as soon as possible to the chief of the police. They told him that they belonged to the Western Heaven, to a great kingdom called France, and that they had come to Tibet to preach the Christian religion. The chief phlegmatically drew his bamboo quill from behind his ear, and wrote without the slightest observation what they told him. When he had done writing he wiped his pen, still wet with

ink, in his hair, and replaced it behind his right ear, saying: "yak poze," "very well." The missionaries then returned to their lodging, congratulating themselves on the ease with which they had secured admittance as residents of Lhasa.

In a few days, however, they were summoned to go before the Regent of Lhasa to give further explanations. The Regent was dressed in a yellow robe, trimmed with sable; a ring adorned with diamonds hung from his left ear, and his long jet-black hair was collected together at the top of his head and fastened by three small gold combs. His large red cap, set with pearls and surmounted by a coral ball, lay at his side on a green cushion.

After conversing with the missionaries in a friendly manner, the Regent sent them to be examined by Ki-Chan, the Chinese ambassador to Lhasa. Ki-Chan was friendly towards them, but spoke with considerable severity to Samdadchiemba, their Chinese servant, a Christian convert: "Why did you adopt the religion of the Lord of Heaven? Don't you know that this is forbidden by the Great Emperor?" Eventually, however, he dismissed them, the chief object of the inquiry having been to ascertain whether they had been drawing maps of the country, the Tibetans being even at that early date afraid of European invasion.

The two missionaries were given a room in the palace, and told they could not return to their lodgings. To their embarrassment a crowd followed them to their chamber, and insisted on watching them go to bed. In vain the missionaries begged to be left in peace. The inquisitive Tibetans only bowed, while some of them put out their tongues, a perfectly polite Tibetan form of salutation. The missionaries then recited their evening prayer, while

the crowd listened in silence. To baffle further curiosity they put out the light, and the onlookers laughingly retired.

The next day three Lamas came and announced to them that their luggage would have to be inspected. Accordingly they returned to their lodgings, whither the Regent also came and sealed up all their belongings with red wax. A procession to the court of justice was then formed. A Tibetan horse soldier, his drawn sword in his hand, and his gun at his side, opened the procession. After him came the troop of porters marching between two lines of Lama satellites; the Regent on his white charger, surrounded by a mounted guard of honour, followed the baggage; and last, behind the Regent, marched the two French missionaries.

When they arrived at the tribunal, the seals were broken and the contents of the trunks exposed to the general gaze. First came some French and Latin volumes, then some Chinese and Tartar books, church linen, ornaments, sacred vessels, rosaries, crosses, medals, and a collection of lithographs. All the spectators were lost in admiration of this small European museum. They opened large eyes, touched each other with the elbow, and smacked their tongues in token of admiration. None of them had ever seen anything so beautiful. Everything white they considered silver, everything yellow, gold. The Tibetans put out their tongues and scratched their ears, the Chinese bowed.

On some French maps of Tibet being produced, the missionaries said to the Chinese ambassador: "It is fortunate for us that we have met you in this country. If by ill luck you had not been here, we should have been utterly unable to convince the Tibetan authorities that

these maps are not our own drawing." The ambassador, being flattered by the compliment, assured the Tibetan Regent, evidently to his great relief, that the maps were printed. "It is well," he said, "you are honest people."

After this the conversation turned to religion. The Chinese ambassador, who was former Viceroy of the province of Pe-chi-li, and had persecuted the Christians, displayed his knowledge. He explained the images, the sacred vessels, and the ornaments. The Regent, on the other hand, thought, till the missionaries reassured him, that the tongs used for lifting the sacred wafer were an instrument of torture.

Thoroughly satisfied of the harmless character of the missionaries, the Regent said to the ambassador, "What do you think of these men? What must we do with them? These men are Frenchmen, they are ministers of the religion of the Lord of Heaven, they are honest men; we must leave them in peace." These flattering words were received with a murmur of approbation, and the two missionaries joyfully returned to their lodging.

The next day the Regent told them in confidence that the Chinese were jealous of their being at Lhassa, but that they might count on his protection, and reside freely in the country without any one having a right to interfere with them.

Thus encouraged, the missionaries made a small chapel in their house, and were gratified by several inquirers coming and holding long conversations on the subject of Christianity.

Chinese jealousy, however, frustrated their hopes. One day Ki-Chan, the Chinese ambassador, sent for them and told them they had better return to their own country, as Tibet was too poor and cold a country for them.

His real reason, of course, was apprehension of their weakening Buddhism in its centre of worship. Near Lhasa, on the summit of a mountain, dwelt the "Delai-lama" (a child supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha) in his golden temple, where he received the adoration of streams of worshippers. Ki-Chan was shrewd enough to see that the missionaries' real object was to uproot Buddhism, and he insisted on their departure.

Thus all fruit of their exhausting and dangerous journey to Lhasa was lost, and reluctantly they began their preparations for another perilous journey of six months to Canton, as they were not allowed to return by way of India.

Soon after the New Year the missionaries started, with an escort of Chinese soldiers under the command of a mandarin, Ly-Kouo-Ngan. This made their journey in some respects more comfortable than before, and at their first halting-place they found themselves in a commodious room, where they were invited to sit on thick green cushions, and to regale themselves with buttered tea. During their journey to Lhasa they had had to set up their tattered tent with their own hands, to search for fuel, and to prepare a little weak tea mixed with barley meal.

Their chief dangers now were not from robbers, but from the huge masses of snow which hung over them, and the frightful precipices that yawned below.

On one occasion the whole party had to slide down a gigantic glacier. M. Huc describes the descent as follows: "A magnificent long-haired ox opened the march; he advanced gravely to the edge of the plateau; then after stretching out his neck, smelling a moment at the ice,

and blowing through his large nostrils some thick clouds of vapour, he manfully put his two front feet on the glacier, and whizzed off as if he had been discharged from a cannon. He went down the glacier with his legs extended, but as stiff and motionless as if they had been made of marble. Arrived at the bottom he turned over, and then ran on bounding and bellowing over the snow.

"The men in their turn embarked with no less intrepidity than the animals. We seated ourselves carefully on the edge of the glacier, we stuck our heels close together on the ice as firmly as possible, then using the handles of our whips by way of helm we sailed over those frozen waters with the velocity of a locomotive."

The really dangerous part of the journey was when they had to ride along narrow ledges skirted by enormous precipices from which the roar of waters could be heard below. In one such place the missionaries dismounted, but were told to remount, as the horses were surer of foot than they. Sometimes the path itself came to an abrupt end, and was replaced by trunks of trees supported by piles fixed horizontally in the mountain side.

At the very sight of these frightful bridges, the Abbé Huc says he felt a cold sweat of terror bedewing his limbs. It was essential, however, to advance, for to return or to dismount was impossible.

After having been for two days constantly suspended between life and death, they at length got clear of this dreadful pass, and arrived at Alan-To. Every one was rejoiced, and they congratulated each other on not having fallen into the abyss. Each recounted with a sort of feverish excitement the terrors he had experienced in the most difficult parts of the passage. The Governor of



### A YAK TOBOGANNING

A magnificent ox advanced gravely to the edge, then after some preliminary blowing and smelling put his front feet on the glacier and whizzed off as if discharged from a cannon.





Alan-To, on hearing that no one had perished, expressed his opinion that the caravan had been singularly fortunate. Three oxen with baggage had indeed been swallowed up, but that seemed a mere nothing. The commander of their escort, Ly-Kouo-Ngan, told them that he had never passed the defile of Alan-To without witnessing frightful accidents. In his previous journey four soldiers had been precipitated from the top of the mountain with the horses they rode. This had not been mentioned before lest the missionaries should refuse to continue the journey.

At one place they passed a pagoda erected to commemorate a Chinese captain's fidelity to military discipline. He had reached the mountain Wa-Ho with a body of 4000 men, when some of the people of the locality who acted as guides warned him that every one crossing the mountain must observe absolute silence, as the slightest sound might set the snow in motion. The captain, whose name was Kiang-Kian, issued orders accordingly to his soldiers, and the army proceeded in profound silence. As the mountain could not be crossed in a single day, the soldiers, laden with baggage, encamped on the plateau. Conformably with the established rule in large towns of the Empire, and of camps in time of war, they fired a cannon at nightfall, not daring to infringe this rule of military discipline. The report of the cannon had scarcely died away when enormous masses of snow came pouring down, and Kiang-Kian and all his men were buried beneath the fall. Their bodies were never recovered.

Arrived at Liang-Ki-Tsoug, the missionaries had a further scare. While they were waiting in their room for supper to be served, the Governor of the place came to tell them that he had a little matter to settle with them.

At first they thought it was connected with the difficulty of procuring baggage animals, but the Governor said he had come to warn them that the mountain of Tanda, which they were preparing to cross, was impassable, snow having fallen for eight consecutive days. The day before three men had ventured upon the mountain, two of them had disappeared in the snow, and that morning the third had arrived alone and on foot, his horse also having been swallowed up.

The Governor added that they could have the baggage animals if they liked, but that they would have to pay for any oxen and horses that might die on the way. Having delivered this pleasant intelligence, he put out his tongue at them, and scratched his ear, Tibetan fashion, and retired.

Abbé Huc took up his Chinese Road Book and read: "The mountain of Tanda is extremely precipitous and difficult of ascent. It is the most difficult pass on the way from Lhassa." The book fell from his hands, and he sat for some time in a stupor of consternation. The prospect of having to pursue a still more arduous route than that of Alan-To made the blood run chill in his veins. "The ambassador, Ki-Chan," he said to himself, "is evidently an assassin. Not having dared to kill us at Lhassa, he has sent us to die in the snow."

Next day before daybreak they sent a few men to sound the depth of the snow. Towards midday these returned and announced that Mount Tanda was impassable. The Governor then proposed to send a herd of oxen to trample down for two days the snow that blocked the path up the mountain, which proposal the missionaries gladly accepted.

After three days' rest, the Governor having announced to them that the long-haired oxen had sufficiently trampled down the snow, they departed. When they reached the foot of Tanda, they perceived a long dark line moving like a huge caterpillar slowly along the precipitous sides of the mountain. The guides told them that it was a troop of Lamas returning from a pilgrimage, who had encamped for the night at the other end of the valley. The sight of so many travellers restored their courage, and they resolutely began the ascent of the mountain.

Before they reached the top, however, the way became so steep that both men and animals had scarcely strength to persevere. M. Gabet, weakened by the illness from which he had suffered on the way to Lhassa, could scarcely reach the top of Tanda: not having sufficient strength to help himself by grasping the tail of his horse, as the others did, he fell from exhaustion, and became almost buried in the snow. The Tibetan escort went to his assistance, and succeeded, after long and painful exertions, in getting him to the top, where he arrived more dead than alive.

The descent of the mountain was comparatively easy, as they only had to slide down on a thick carpet of frozen snow.

Further on the missionaries came to Angti, another great snow-clad mountain. A chief of the tribe of Angti, a great warrior, had been buried under an avalanche while crossing it, and a holy Lama, having declared that the chief had become the genius of the mountain, the natives raised a temple to him, where travellers never failed to burn a few incense-sticks before proceeding on their way. The natives had a superstition that during tempests this genius of the mountain always appeared, clothed in white

robes and riding on a red horse, and that if he met any traveller, he took him on his crupper and vanished at full gallop. These fears did not trouble the missionaries, but again they had to send on a herd of long-haired oxen to trample down the snow and make a track over the mountain.

The mountain of Angti was so lofty and so steep, that it took them a whole day to ascend and descend it. The sun had already set when they managed to reach the bottom. They halted a short time under some black tents inhabited by nomad shepherds, swallowed a few handfuls of tsamba (barley-meal) diluted with brackish tea, and then resumed their route along a rocky valley. For two hours in utter darkness they followed the steep banks of a river, hearing its waters roar below. Every instant they trembled lest they should be precipitated into it, but the animals knew the road, and brought them safely to Djaya.

Their arrival in the middle of the night put all the town in commotion. The dogs by their fierce barking gave the alarm. Soon after the doors of the houses were opened, and the inhabitants of the town rushed out in a crowd into the streets, with horn lanterns, torches, and weapons of every description, the general impression being that there was a hostile invasion. However, when they observed the peaceful, and even timid bearing of the caravan, their apprehensions were quieted, and each person returned home.

One morning a few days later, the missionaries had a great shock. The beasts were laden with their burdens; the horsemen, with their robes tucked up and whip in hand, were ready to mount. But the commander of the escort, the mandarin, Ly-Kouo-Ngan, did not appear, and a soldier who entered his room found him in a dying condition. His

death threatened to throw the whole caravan into a state of anarchy, as he was the commissioned leader of it; but the missionaries, with admirable presence of mind, assumed the command and issued their orders, which were fortunately obeyed.

The dead man's body was enveloped in a large white pall, covered with Tibetan sentences, and with images of Buddha printed in black, and so carried to his home in China. After crossing the Tibeto-Chinese frontier and reaching Tching-tou-fou, the missionaries found themselves summoned to appear before a tribunal of mandarins by order of the Chinese Emperor, and were conducted to the judgment-hall of the first provincial Commissioner. The way was cleared by soldiers armed with bamboos and rattans, the great doors were opened and they entered. The attendants ran backwards and forwards in their long red robes and hideous peaked hats of black felt. They were armed with long rusty swords, and carried chains, pincers, and various instruments of torture.

Twelve stone steps led up to the vast enclosure where the judges were placed; on each side of this staircase was a line of executioners in red dresses; and when the missionaries passed tranquilly through their ranks they all cried out with a loud voice, "Tremble! Tremble!" They were stopped at about the middle of the hall, and then eight officers of the court proclaimed in a chanting voice the customary formula, "Accused, on your knees! on your knees!" This attitude the missionaries entirely declined to take, even when two officials pulled their arms to help them to kneel down. The President of the court was a man of about fifty years of age, with an unpleasant countenance and a forehead deeply wrinkled. His costume

was superb; on his breast glittered the large imperial dragon embroidered in gold and silver; a globe of red coral, the decoration of mandarins of the first class, surmounted his official cap, and a long perfumed chaplet hung from his neck.

After the President had asked them a few questions, the Public Prosecutor began his speech; but during the course of it he became so excited that the missionaries declared they could not understand him, and desired to be examined by the President.

This formidable trial gradually assumed a less terrible aspect, and the missionaries began to hope that there was no intention of tearing their flesh with red-hot pincers, or sticking sharp reeds under their nails. The faces of the executioners assumed a less ferocious expression, and the instruments of torture appeared to have been meant only for intimidation. The President was flattered by their appealing to him, and, after some further interrogations, allowed them to return to their lodging.

How different their fate might have been had they been travelling without an escort, and as poor foreigners, they had reason to know, from reports of the martyrdoms of former French missionaries and from what they witnessed during the remainder of their journey, of the cruelties which disfigure the administration of justice in China.

At Kouang-tsi-hien, on going to visit the Prefect in his judgment-hall, they found an accused man suspended in the middle of the hall like a lantern. Ropes attached to a great beam in the roof held him tied by the wrists and feet, so as to throw the body into the form of a bow. Beneath him stood five or six executioners, armed with rattan rods and leather lashes, their clothes and faces

spotted with blood—the blood of the unfortunate creature, who was uttering stifled groans while his flesh was almost torn in tatters. The crowd present at this frightful spectacle appeared quite at their ease, and the yellow caps and red sashes which the missionaries wore (a Chinese mark of high rank) seemed to excite them more than the spectacle of torture. As the magistrate came to meet them he had to walk on the tips of his toes and hold up his beautiful silk robes that they might not be soiled by the pools of half-coagulated blood with which the floor was covered.

On inquiry the missionaries learnt that this criminal was the chief of a band of robbers, and had committed more than fifty murders.

Another day a party of soldiers was met escorting a number of carts in which were literally piled up a crowd of Chinese who were uttering horrible cries. As the missionaries stopped to allow these cart-loads of human beings to pass, they were seized with horror on perceiving that the unfortunate creatures were nailed by the hand to the planks of the cart. A soldier being asked the reason, replied with frightful coolness: “We’ve been routing out a nest of thieves in a neighbouring village. We got a good many of them, and as we hadn’t brought chains enough we were obliged to contrive some way to prevent their escaping. So you see we nailed them by the hand.”

“But,” said the missionary, “do you not think there may be some innocent among them?”

“Who can tell?” replied the soldier. “They have not been tried yet. We are taking them to the tribunal and by-and-by, if there are any innocent men among them, they will be separated from the thieves.”

At last, in October 1846, after a journey of six months

from Lhasa, the missionaries saw the masts of European ships in the river at Canton. Here they found in the English papers a report that they had been tied to wild horses and torn in pieces.

M. Huc proceeded to Macao and thence to Peking, but the shattered state of his health compelled him to return to France, where he spent the remainder of his days.



## II IN LANDS OF THE SUN

### CHAPTER VIII AMONG WEST INDIAN SLAVES

Praying for a revelation—Chosen by lot—A slender capital—Opposition of the planters—Breaking up a prayer-meeting—Legalised tyranny—"Taking the blows"—Wounded missionaries—A century of progress.

THE Moravian Church at Herrnhut, in Saxony, has the honour of having been the first to send missionaries to the West Indian slaves in the sugar plantations long before the movement against slavery had begun.

The incident which gave rise to this mission was a journey to Denmark which Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian leader, undertook in June 1731, to attend the coronation of Christian VI. Some of the Moravians who were in the service of the Count, and attended him on this occasion, became acquainted with a negro from the West Indies named Anthony, then in the employ of a Danish nobleman. This man told them that he had often sat on the sea-shore of the island of St. Thomas and prayed for a revelation. He drew an affecting picture of the condition of the negroes, among whom was his own sister, who was also very desirous of Christian instruction; and he assured the Moravians that if a mission were established there was good reason to expect success.

When Count Linzendorf was informed of this, he was so interested that he determined to mention the matter at Herrnhut, and asked permission for Anthony to follow him thither. On his return he related the whole to the Moravian Church, and his statement kindled in the minds of two of the members, Leonard Dober and Tobias Leupold, a keen desire to go and preach to the negroes. They opened their minds to the Count, who rejoiced at their design and discussed the subject with them for a long time.

Shortly afterwards Anthony arrived, and was introduced to the Church. He gave an affecting description of the state of the negroes in the West Indies, and added that it was scarcely practicable for a missionary to gain any opportunity of instructing them, except by himself becoming a slave, since the negroes were overwhelmed with work and there was no possibility of speaking to them except during their hours of labour.

Dober and Leupold did not suffer themselves to be deterred from their purpose by these accounts; on the contrary, they heroically declared that they were ready to sacrifice their lives in the cause and to sell themselves into slavery if necessary. Their proposal, however, met with but little approbation from the Church. Most of the Moravians regarded it as a well-intentioned but impracticable resolution, and Martin Linner, the chief elder, on whom devolved the superintendence of the choir, would not consent to part with Dober, who was a skilful musician.

A whole year passed away before the Church came to any determination, and even then not until they had submitted the matter, as their custom was, to decision by lot. It was thus determined that Leupold ought not to go for the present. But as Dober did not the less persist in his

him if he would submit himself to the same decision. He replied that for the conviction of his own mind there was no such necessity; but for the satisfaction of the Church they might do what they wished. On this they requested him to draw one from a number of slips of paper on which were written different sentences, and he drew the following: "Let the youth go." This put an end to all hesitation. Dober received his appointment, and Linner gave him his commission in the name of the Church. Not wishing to go alone, he asked them to give him his friend David Nitschmann for a companion, at least till the mission was established. The Church made this proposal to Nitschmann, who immediately agreed to it, although he had a wife and children whom he was obliged to leave in Europe.

On the 18th August 1732 they took leave of the Church, and left Herrnhut on the 21st, accompanied by the Count as far as Budissin. Zinzendorf gave each of them a ducat (about half-a-guinea), and they had received three dollars each from the Church. With this sum they set off to travel to Copenhagen, a distance of 360 miles.

On their journey they visited several persons, and communicated to them their design. But no one encouraged them to persevere except the Countess of Stolberg. Everywhere they were told of difficulties and dangers arising from the degraded state of the negroes, the unhealthiness of the climate, and other causes. When they arrived at Copenhagen they found similar discouragement. Persons of all ranks regarded it as a thing impossible; they were told that no vessel would receive them, that even if they should reach St. Thomas they could not gain a subsistence and, that they would not be allowed to speak to the negroes.

Even those of the directors of the West India Company to whom they had letters of recommendation would neither assist nor favour their voyage. They particularly dwelt upon the degraded state of the slaves and the dearness of provisions, which made it impossible for white men in narrow circumstances to subsist. When the missionaries replied that they would work as slaves with the negroes, the Grand Chamberlain, with whom they were conversing, told them decidedly that they would not be permitted to do it. Nitschmann then replied that he would work at his trade as a carpenter. "But this man, the potter, what will he do?" said the Chamberlain, pointing to Dober. "I will support him by my work," replied Nitschmann.

In addition to all these difficulties they had the grief of seeing Anthony draw back almost entirely from his statements and recant everything he had said. He, however, gave them a letter to his sister which was of some service to them. In the midst of all these discouraging circumstances the missionaries' resolve remained unshaken.

Their perseverance at length stirred up several persons at Copenhagen to take an interest in their project; among these were the two Court chaplains, who not only assisted them but brought others over to the same mind. The Royal Family having been made acquainted with their design, the Queen was disposed to favour the undertaking, and one of the princesses sent them a sum of money for their voyage and a Dutch Bible. Several other persons presented them with similar tokens of regard, among whom were some councillors of state. As none of the West India Company's vessels would take the missionaries on board, one of the King's officers helped them to procure a passage in a Dutch ship bound for St. Thomas. The captain

received them with pleasure, and the kindness of their friends enabled them not only to pay their passage but to procure some carpenter's tools and other necessaries. They embarked on the 8th October 1732, and the vessel set sail the next day. On the voyage the sailors often ridiculed them, and tried to dissuade them from persisting in their purpose by the most discouraging representations. But the missionaries were immovable: instead of listening to the counsel of their opponents they preached to them, and their consistent conduct procured for them more friendly treatment. The voyage, which was often performed in three or four weeks, lasted ten, and was attended with much danger and hardship. In calm weather Nitschmann employed himself in making a sideboard for the captain, which pleased him so well that on reaching their destination he recommended him for skill and industry.

The missionaries arrived at St. Thomas on the 13th of December. On landing they felt perplexed how to proceed, and were reflecting on the difficulty they would have in earning a livelihood in a place where provisions were so dear, and in which they were entire strangers, when a negro came to invite them to the house of Mr. Lorenzen, a planter. He kindly offered them board and lodging until they could procure a residence for themselves. They immediately began to preach, proclaiming to all within their hearing the object for which they had come to the island, and their readiness to teach all who were willing to be instructed. The negroes received their message with eagerness, and clapped their hands for joy, for till this moment they had thought all religion to be the exclusive privilege of the whites, their masters.

The missionaries now made arrangements to visit the

negroes whenever they could get access to them, though not without opposition from their masters. The planters and other white residents on the island of St. Thomas were divided in their views of the missionaries and their aims. Some honoured them, others despised and detested them, and wished to drive them out of the country. They also suffered much from the unhealthy climate.

Presently other missionaries arrived, and the opposition of the planters increased. Deeds of violence began to be perpetrated. A meeting of negroes was attacked by a number of colonists armed with swords and sticks. After maltreating the poor defenceless slaves—who under the worst usage dared not lift up a hand against a white man—the rioters trooped off to Posaunenberg, a small plantation which the missionaries had purchased, and on which they lived. There the ruffians fell on the few negroes about the place, beat them and wounded them, and put them to flight. Then they smashed the chairs, glasses, dishes, and other articles of furniture; everything was broken up or torn to pieces, and thrown out of the house.

The Governor also determined to put an end to the religious meetings of the negroes, and issued an order that it should be an offence for any negro to be found after sunset beyond the estate of his master; that a watch of four men should be appointed in every quarter of the night to go about and disperse any slaves whom they found assembled; and that every offender should on the following day appear before the court and be punished with thirty lashes. This order the missionaries, in the simplicity of their hearts, imagined to be merely a renewed declaration of the law common throughout the West India



THE MISSIONARIES DEFENDING NEGROES FROM THE PLANTERS

The missionaries risked their own lives in saving the negroes from the whites.





Islands, which prohibits nocturnal assemblies of the slaves as dangerous to the peace of the community. They supposed that it could have no reference to those meetings which they held for instructing them in the principles of religion. They therefore proceeded in their ordinary course, and on the following Sunday held a meeting after sunset as usual. Next night about eight o'clock six white men completely armed came to Posaunenberg; by the way they had seized two of the negroes, beaten them and bound them. On hearing the noise the missionaries went out and entreated them not to disturb the meeting, but the ruffians appealed to the order of the Governor, and boisterously insisted on searching the house. They burst into it, and found twenty-four negroes assembled. The Moravian missionaries, with characteristic heroism, stood between the armed men and the defenceless blacks, and received the blows which were aimed at them. The negroes, thus shielded, escaped from the house one after another, most of them without sustaining any serious injury.

Enraged at their escape, the drunken leader of the band required the missionaries to bring them back, a demand which, it is needless to say, he made in vain. In his fury he attempted to draw his sword on the missionaries, but was held back by his companions. In this brutal attack several were severely injured. One of the missionaries received several wounds, and his wife was stabbed in the breast. The wife of another was wounded in the shoulder, and a woman who had a child in her arms was slashed over the head.

Two days after five white men came to the house of the missionaries, and, finding no negroes with them, assailed them with mockery and threats, brandished their swords

and pistols, and one of them led his horse into their living room. Before their departure they read out the order of the Governor concerning the watchers, and with many threatenings gave them to understand that no negro would in future be allowed to attend their meetings.

The colonists, however, soon grew tired of maintaining so strict a watch on the plantations, and after a few days hundreds of the negroes came again in the evenings to Posaunenberg. The missionaries could not think of refusing instruction to those who manifested so much desire for it, but to save them from further brutality they retired with them among the brushwood, appointing some to watch and give notice if any white people appeared in the neighbourhood. Happily they met with no interruption, and after a short time they were again allowed to hold their meetings without disturbance.

The Governor, though he had prohibited meetings after sunset, gave no countenance to the wanton assault which had been committed upon them; and at his desire the missionaries drew up a statement of the outrage from which they had suffered. They asked no satisfaction for themselves, nor any punishment of the offenders, but merely protection in future. With unparalleled effrontery two of the rioters denied the whole charge upon oath, and demanded that the missionaries should be punished as calumniators. After some weeks, however, this false accusation was dropped through the interposition of Mr. Carstens, one of the most respectable planters on the island. An order was soon afterwards received from the Court of Copenhagen, in answer to an appeal which had been made to it, which happily put an end to the opposition of their enemies.

In the meantime Leonard Dober had been recalled to Herrnhut as presiding elder of the Church there. To him belongs the honour of having initiated, in the face of grave difficulties, the work among the negroes, which after his departure increased rapidly. His heroic resolve to sell himself into slavery rather than abandon his purpose can never be forgotten. Presently a great change took place in public sentiment in St. Thomas with regard to the labours of the missionaries. Most of the white people were convinced that they were attended with beneficial effects to the slaves, and an exception highly honourable to the missionaries was made in favour of the negroes under their care. As it was not always possible to close the evening meetings in time for the slaves to be home before the appointed hour, the Governor ordered that those who were furnished with a certificate by one of the missionaries should be allowed to pass unmolested by the watch.

How much progress had been made since Leonard Dober landed at St. Thomas in 1732 without money and friendless, to commence missionary work, was seen in 1832, when the centenary of the mission was celebrated. Colonial authorities as well as the Danish Government now afforded the missionaries every facility in their labours. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor attended the Centenary Jubilee, accompanied by the leading authorities of the island. The Governor even issued a proclamation directing the planters to grant leave to the negroes connected with the missionaries' congregations throughout the island for that day, and the half of the preceding day, that they might be present at the celebration. The numbers assembled amounted to upwards of

7000, being at least one-third of the population of the island; but there was not the smallest disturbance either before or after the festival, and the Governor remarked that, however large a number of persons belonging to the missionaries' congregations might be assembled together, no detachment of police was found necessary to maintain order.

At the present time Christianity has spread so widely among the negroes that the Danish West Indies have ceased to be a mission field, and have become the fourth self-supporting province of the Moravian Church.

## CHAPTER IX

### IN THE FORESTS OF DUTCH GUIANA

Forest journeys—Attacked by bush negroes—Daehne threatened with death—Struggle with a snake—Stalked by a jaguar—Repentant Caribs—An embarrassing host—Baptism of a chief—Palgrave's testimony—Solidity of Moravian work.

THE missionary labours of the Moravian Brethren in South America have been principally in British and Dutch Guiana. The climate is very unhealthy, being humid and sultry. The country is flat, overgrown with impervious thickets and immense forests, the haunts of serpents and other venomous reptiles, and exposed to frequent inundations. The soil is uncommonly fertile, and the growth of vegetation so rapid, that several crops can be reaped in a year.

About the year 1736, a Dutch gentleman in Amsterdam requested the Moravian Church to send some missionaries to settle on one of his plantations on the river Berbice, and preach to the negroes. In pursuance of this request, two missionaries, Daehne and Guettner, were sent in June 1738. The stewards and managers of the estates, suspecting that they had been sent to spy upon their conduct, made things as disagreeable as possible for them; and access to the slaves was extremely difficult, owing to the rigour with which they were treated. In these circumstances, a gentleman of the Surinam trading company came to the rescue by offering them a piece of ground lying in the middle of the forest about one hundred miles from the sea-coast.

This offer they thankfully accepted, and built there a settlement, which they called Pilgerhut.

They now made frequent visits among the aborigines, called Arawaks, travelling a circuit of three hundred miles through a vast wilderness. These journeys were attended with great difficulties and dangers. They were obliged to carry their provisions with them, wade through broad and deep rivers, or cross them on a hastily constructed raft, and often to spend the night in their hammocks suspended from trees in the midst of the forest. If they came to a village and the men were not at home, the women ran shrieking into the wood, and thus their journey was rendered fruitless. Undeterred, however, they persevered till they won by degrees the confidence of the savages. Several were baptized and a congregation was formed.

With a view to extending the operations of the mission, Daehne proceeded to found another settlement in Dutch Guiana called Sharon, on a piece of ground which had been granted to the mission. Here were settled many of the Caribs, who had been expelled from the West Indies by the European colonists. This settlement also began to flourish till it was nearly wrecked by the jealousy of the bush negroes, who lived in the adjacent woods, and whose habitations were safe asylums for runaway negro slaves. For these fugitives the Caribs lay in wait, as the Dutch Government allowed them fifty florins for every one they seized. The bush negroes therefore resolved to destroy Sharon, where many of the Caribs had settled, hoping thus to force them to leave the country. They watched their opportunity, and one Sunday, when most of the Caribs were absent, and the congregation was returning from divine service, the negroes, with a hideous noise, commenced an

attack, using fire-arms and took three aged Indians in their huts and took eleven prisoners, but were afraid to approach the mission house, as they observed men with guns stationed inside. They fired from behind trees, wounding one of the missionaries in the arm; and at last, plucking up courage, they set fire to the house, but the missionaries succeeded in making their escape. The negroes did not pursue them, but, having plundered the settlement, retreated with precipitancy, being afraid of an attack from the Caribs, some of whom were returning.

Although the settlement was rebuilt, it was so continually harassed by the negroes, that the work of the missionaries could not be satisfactorily carried on. Vast swarms of ants almost totally destroyed their crops and thus deprived them of the means of subsistence. These and other circumstances led to the final abandonment of the station.

From Sharon, Daehne proceeded to the river Corentyn, which forms the boundary between British and Dutch Guiana, accompanied by a few Indians, who assisted him in clearing a piece of ground and in building a hut. But in a short time they all went away except one, and he, falling sick a few months after, was obliged to return to his friends. Thus Daehne was left alone in this wilderness, the haunt of jaguars, serpents of enormous size, and various venomous reptiles.

The Indians, who were continually passing by, often inquired into the reason of his building a hut in that solitary place, and asked whether he did it by his own or by the Governor's authority. He told them he did it for their sakes, to make them acquainted with the true religion. They answered: "The Indians have determined to kill you."

The soldiers at the neighbouring Dutch fort also sent word that he was not safe, and invited him to come and live near them. The intrepid missionary thanked them, but, although in addition to all these perils he had suffered from fever, he determined to remain at his post.

About this time he had an almost miraculous escape. One evening being unwell, and going to lie down in his hammock, he perceived a large serpent descending on him from a shelf near the roof. In the scuffle the creature bit him two or three times in the head, and, pursuing him very closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck. Supposing that he would be dead in a few minutes, and wishing to inform the other missionaries when they should come of the cause of his death, he wrote a few words with chalk upon the table, lest they should charge the Indians with the deed. Suddenly, however, the text flashed into his mind, "They shall take up serpents and it shall not hurt them," and, seizing the creature with great force, he tore it from his neck and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down, and when he had recovered from the shock he felt no injury. The serpent was doubtless one of those whose bite is not poisonous, and which coil round their prey, and crush it. But for his desperate effort he would probably have been strangled. Daehne was also in danger from a jaguar, which for a long time lurked near his hut watching for an opportunity to seize him. The roar of the brute was heard every evening, and the missionary had to make a large fire near his hut night after night to frighten it away.

Later in the same year the Carib Indians resolved to put their threats against him into execution. One day as he sat at dinner about fifty of them arrived in canoes and surrounded his hut. They presented an alarming appear-





### A TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH A SERPENT

One evening, feeling unwell, the missionary lay down. Suddenly a large serpent descended from a shelf, wound itself closely round him, and bit him several times. Thinking he would soon be dead, he sat down to write a dying man's message, when the text, "They shall take up serpents, and it shall not hurt them," flashed across his mind. With a desperate effort he seized the creature, and with great force flung it from him.



Arawak language. They answered in a surly tone, telling him to speak the Caribbee language. He told them that he could not, and upon this they began to speak with each other, every now and then addressing Daehne to find out whether he understood them or not. Perceiving that he did not even guess their meaning, they called their Arawak interpreter and made him ask Daehne, Who had given him leave to build on their land? He answered that he had a written permission under the hand of the Governor. They then asked what object he had in coming thither. He told them in order to preach the Gospel. Their chief asked to what nationality he belonged, and, being told the Dutch, said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among your Indians some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am a real friend of the Indians." "Yes," replied he, "I have heard so, and they say that you are another sort of Christian than most of the white people." Daehne then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you are come to kill me?" The chief answered, "We have done wrong." Upon this the threatening aspect of his followers relaxed, and the party dispersed. The chief continued to hold a friendly conversation with the missionary, expressing pleasure at being told that other missionaries would probably come. As he was going away Daehne perceived that he had some "cassabi" (a kind of native bread) in his pouch. Being actually short of food, he asked him for it, as the chief's people could easily get more, adding, "If you should at any time pass by and be hungry, I also will give you some-

thing to eat." The chief immediately told his men to give Daehne some cassabi and fish, and then took leave, saying he would often come to see him. The Indians showed their friendliness in other ways, helping Daehne from time to time in clearing the ground and felling trees. More than once he found himself reduced to great want, not knowing when he rose in the morning whether he should taste a morsel all day, but he generally found some Indians who were willing to share their mouthful of cassabi with him.

In the year 1758 another painful experience befell him. While he was gathering wood for fuel some large black ants nearly two inches long fastened upon his hand, and their stings gave him such excruciating pain that he nearly fainted.

During the following year he was occasionally visited by Warau Indians, who listened attentively to his preaching, and some of them promised to come and live with him. His incessant bodily labours, which were often beyond his strength, brought on an attack of sickness, which was increased by the unhealthiness of the climate and his poor and scanty fare. His fellow missionaries in Paramaribo, being informed of his condition, immediately despatched one of their number, named Boemper, to his assistance. He set out, but for a considerable time could not get an Indian to take him in his boat, partly from their fear of going near a sick person, but especially because a report had been circulated that the devil lived with Daehne. They therefore did all they could to dissuade Boemper from venturing to go to so dangerous a person. However he persisted and arrived at the Corentyn, to Daehne's great comfort. After two years two missionaries were sent to

returned for a time to Europe.

In the meantime a war broke out in Surinam between the bush negroes, headed by two leaders, Abim and Samsam, and the Dutch Government. The negroes were not so easily suppressed as their brothers in Jamaica, having behind them an unlimited reach of wild forest country. In the year 1764 the Government made peace with them, and, judging that their conversion to Christianity would tend more than anything else to make them peaceable and stop the outrages which they were in the habit of committing, applied to the United Brethren to send missionaries to instruct them. Accordingly in 1765 Daehne and two other missionaries were despatched to Paramaribo.

As soon as possible they proceeded inland, but found Samsam the negro leader a difficult person to deal with. He insisted on one of the missionaries living with him, not from any peculiar regard for them, but solely to have a European residing in his house, which the negroes esteem an honour. When he found them resolute in their determination of dwelling together, he kept back their goods, and either applied them to his own use, or suffered them to spoil. One of the new missionaries died, and Daehne and the other, named Stoll, at first suffered great hardships, living in a miserable little hut till Abim, the other negro chief, built a small house for them. In a short time, however, they lost likewise this friend and benefactor, as he was shot in a battle between his own and another negro tribe. Before he went to the battle he presented his son, John Arabini, to the missionaries, saying, "that he did not know what sort of people the Brethren were, nor the cause of their abode in the country, but believed God had sent them."

Arabini, who was chosen chief in the place of his father, proved a real friend and protector to the missionaries, who, as soon as they had learnt the language, began to preach to the people. This excited the jealousy and opposition of the idol-priest, and especially of the old women, who terrified their superstitious fellow-countrymen by saying that their "gados" (gods) were angry with them for turning to the "Gran-gado" (the great God) of the white people.

The missionaries, ignorant of the plots for their destruction, continued to hold their family devotions with their doors open, hoping that some of the savages might be attracted by curiosity to attend. They were warned against going out of the house at night, but as Arabini maintained a good understanding with the Dutch Government, who had recommended the missionaries to his protection, none of their enemies ventured to do them any personal injury.

Arabini himself, after careful instruction, was baptized in the presence of most of the male inhabitants of the village, the women being too much afraid of their gods to come. His baptism incensed the heathen negroes, especially the idolatrous women. Instigated by them the chief of a neighbouring village entered the mission house foaming with rage, and armed with a gun and sabre. He cursed them for committing the heinous offence of persuading Arabini to forsake the gods of his fathers. But the undaunted demeanour of the missionaries baffled him, and he returned to his own house.

Of all the stations occupied by the Moravian missionaries, this one among the bush negroes of Surinam was justly deemed the most difficult. The roving disposition of the negroes, who were constantly moving from place

most strongly against success in missionary work amongst them. In coming up the river from Paramaribo to the mission station at Bambey, the boat had to be carried up twenty cataracts, and paths had to be cut with an axe through dense jungles. Notwithstanding these moral and physical difficulties, Daehne and his coadjutors laid the foundations of their work so solidly that, when the famous traveller W. G. Palgrave visited Surinam in 1875, he had nothing but praise for the results of the Moravian mission-work. As an independent observer of large experience, his opinion has no little weight, and he wrote thus: "The latest census gives nineteen Moravian schools, while over 24,000 names are inscribed in the register of the Brotherhood. That the emancipation of the slaves in 1863 was neither preceded, accompanied, or followed in Dutch Guiana by any disturbances like those which agitated Jamaica, Demerara, and other settlements; that scarcely one of the creole labourers on the estates struck work or took advantage of his new completeness of freedom to give himself up to idleness and vagabond life; these things are mainly due, so the colonists acknowledge, to the spirit of subordination, industry, and order inspired into their pupils by the Moravian teachers. Their loyalty and good sense had prepared a people worthy of the rights into the enjoyment of which they at last entered. They had made of the slaves under their tutorial care not only, as the phrase goes, good Christians, but they had also made of them, what the majority of other teachers had failed to do, good citizens and good subjects, loyal to their Government, respectful to their superiors, orderly among themselves."

## CHAPTER X

### THE CHAMPION OF THE HOTTENTOTS

A narrow escape—Lions and snow—First interview with Geika—Propitiated by buttons—Kaffir gluttons—Nervous savages—"From the university to the hut"—Unnatural parents—A lion's *bonne-bouche*—Fastidious Boers—The attack on Graaff-Reinet—Shooting a peace-maker—A truculent farmer—The wilderness settlement—Redeeming slaves.

**D**R. VANDERKEMP, the son of a Dutch minister at Rotterdam, was born in 1748. Though a native of Holland, he took his M.D. degree in Edinburgh. For several years he practised at Middelburg in Holland. He had then little religious belief, being entirely sceptical till he was nearly fifty years of age, when a painful event occurred, which revolutionised his life.

One day, in the month of June, while he was sailing on the river near Dort with his wife and daughter, a violent storm suddenly arose, and the boat was upset. Mrs. and Miss Vanderkemp soon sunk and were drowned, and the doctor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile, no one daring in so dreadful a squall to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel lying in the port of Dort was by the violence of the storm driven from her moorings, and drifted towards him, and, just as he was on the point of sinking, the sailors took him from the capsized boat. Thus remarkably was preserved a life which was henceforth to be dedicated to the missionary cause.



with the directors of the London Missionary Society, laying before them the project of a mission to South Africa. He seemed to them to be the very man, qualified by the most appropriate talents, to commence and superintend it.

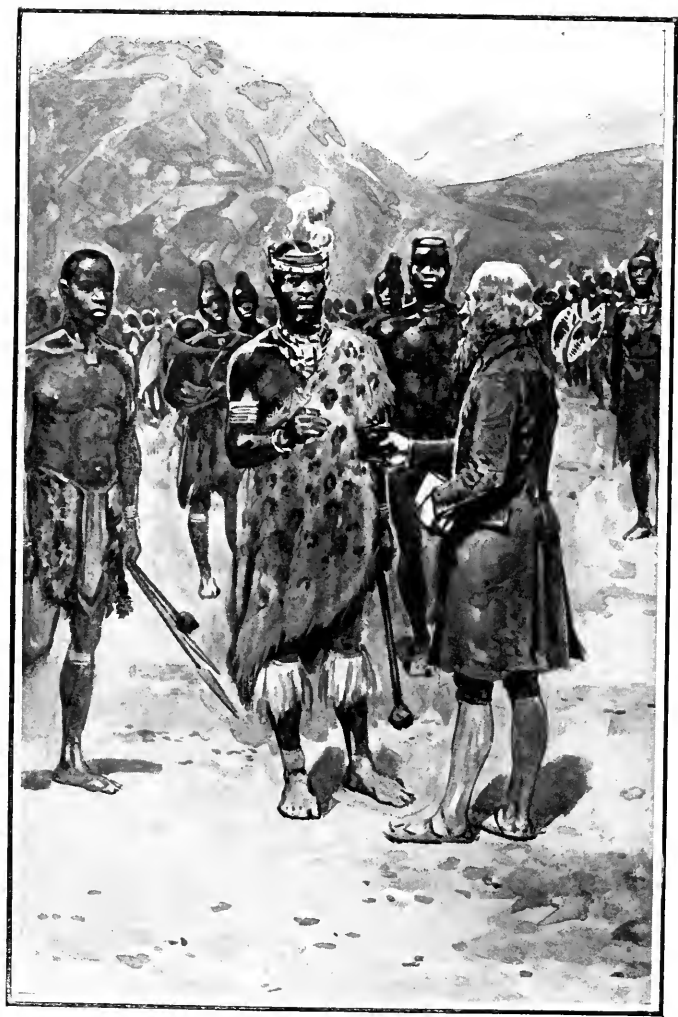
In December 1798 he sailed with three other missionaries for the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived in safety. Letters from the English Governor to subordinate magistrates in the country were kindly furnished, waggons were purchased, and Bruntjie, a famous elephant hunter, was sent from the Moravian Brethren of Bavian Kloof, and engaged as guide and interpreter. In the end of May Vanderkemp commenced his journey towards Kaffraria; after passing the valley of Modezand, they entered upon a perilous road between ridges of precipitous mountains. In the last house on that side of the wilderness they were sheltered from a heavy rain, and the next night they pitched their tents amid a thick fall of snow. Onwards they passed through a trackless waste infested with lions, leopards, wolves, and other beasts of prey; often they could not sleep for the terrific sounds. At last they arrived at the house of Mr. De Beer. The settlement of this wealthy colonist, on the outskirts of civilisation, was on a large scale, with buildings, substantial and clean, and numerous domestics and dependants, extensive farms, corn and grazing grounds. In the long, stupendous defile of the river Kloof, through which De Beer and his guest went on their way, the scenery was extremely grand, bold cliffs, rugged rocks, lofty mountain peaks, and valleys clothed with groves of mimosa trees, the flowers of which appeared like innumerable golden balls suspended from the branches. The Hex River, foaming in its course, forced its way tumultuously through the jungle.

After a tedious journey they arrived at the dwelling of the Kaffir chief Geika, to whom they had previously sent a message requesting leave to enter his territory. The chief soon approached, in a solemn manner, attended by two of his men, one on each side. He was clothed with a long robe of panthers' skins, and wore a diadem of copper and another of beads round his head. He had in his hand an iron club, and his cheeks and lips were painted red. At a distance behind him stood his subordinates and women in the form of a half-moon, and at a great distance the rest of the people. He reached out his right hand, but spoke not a word.

Vanderkemp presented him with a tobacco-box which he had filled with buttons. Geika then desired to know by an interpreter what was requested of him: he said that the missionaries had come at a very unfavourable time, that all the country was in confusion, and that he was in perpetual danger from his enemies. By degrees, however, his suspicions of the missionaries were removed, and he assigned them some land on the other side of the river Keiskamma.

The place allotted was a beautiful plain of grass in the middle of an amphitheatre of high mountains, dotted over by several kraals of Kaffirs. Round the foot of the mountains ran a river of excellent water; the slopes of the mountains were covered by thick woods containing trees of every description.

Geika, the chief, though he did not care how much he troubled the missionaries, or begged from them himself, was sometimes enraged if he saw them too much troubled by others. On such an occasion he once laid hold of a stick and knocked down servants, women, and children, indeed all who came in his way, without making any dis



THE MISSIONARY MEETS GEIKA, THE KAFFIR CHIEF

The chief was presented with a tobacco-box filled with buttons.